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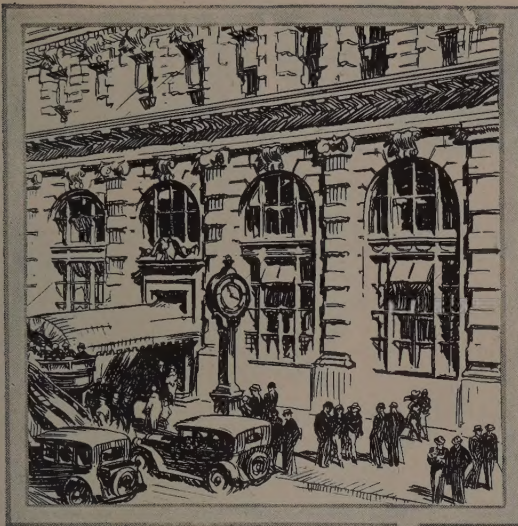
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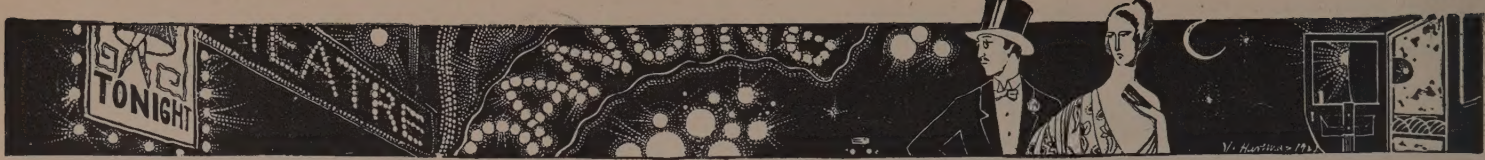
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Traveling with the Stars

No. 1.—Abroad with HELEN GAHAGAN

Intaglios from Italy

THERE'S no sitting still in the world! We rail and rage against the high buildings, subways, intensity, rush and crush of New York. But I am beginning to have a suspicion that everywhere else in the world, life is just as intense. And the result is madness everywhere. I will grant, of course, that the cause of madness varies throughout the world. Or, perhaps, I am the mad one. Well, we'll see—I'll tell you my story.

I am by nature a wanderer, like everyone else. Don't say you're not. You are. Only it has been so long since we slung our tents over our shoulders and wandered over the prairie, foot-loose, chasing dinosaurs—or was it the bison?—that we begin to accept our static condition as a natural state of being.

Anyway, I had finished my work, I was tired, and I wanted a soul-refreshing rest. Well, my soul was refreshed, but I didn't get the rest. After the *Conte Rosso* finally pulled out, and we had said good-bye for the thousandth time, I descended to my cabin and slept for twenty-four hours.

That was about the last real sleep that I enjoyed during my entire trip. I could not sleep at night for fear that I would miss the sunrises, nor in the afternoon for fear that I'd miss the sunsets. And I found that even the hours between twelve and three (when everyone ought to be dead) took on a new interest when one was sailing in the middle of an endless sea with the nose of the ship pointed nowhere.

I wondered, watching the sunrise as we were entering the Bay of Naples, whether such a sunrise had inspired Edison during one of his sleepless nights. The world was a great drawing room, the sea a dark-green carpet, the sky the purplish-gray walls. Suddenly an invisible hand turned on the lights of the world. A long electric flash, low, low, in the room, that softened into rosy light.

Again this was repeated, but higher up. Again and again—and then there was such a blaze of light as that huge red chandelier swung into place that, pagan-like, I almost knelt down and worshipped. However, I controlled myself, wept and nearly fell overboard at my first sight of Naples, warm and shimmering at my feet.

There's nothing very exciting about the sound of Vesuvius; it has been said so many times. But I assure you that if you try to descend into it on a day when the sulphur gas is so bad that you can scarcely breathe, and when the smoke is so thick that you can see no further than two feet in front of you—What I mean is, if you descend on a day when you can very well understand what Dante's "Inferno" was all about, it is most exciting and an experience you'll never forget. I thought, when down at the bottom, at the furthest point that anyone is allowed to go, and where I felt that it was quite debatable as to whether I should ever reach the top again, that, on the whole, it was a good idea to behave properly on earth on the off chance that, somewhere in the bowels of the earth, there might be a place such as this to which some of us might have to journey some day.

Perhaps it was this experience that made me stand overlong in Giotto's chapel in Padova, fascinated by the pictures of Purgatory. And in Dante's city, San Gimignano, the ancient town where a man's wealth was reckoned by the number of towers on his house, I was spellbound by still more scenes of the tortures of the damned.

Of course there were hours of heavenly contemplation as well. The Mediterranean, and all its funny little villages, tucked away in the hills or leaning out over the water; and Naples itself—it's a horseshoe city, and I'll always go there for my good luck! As for Capri, I would never dare rest there long. It's too dangerously near the sky.

There were feverish days in Rome, Sienna, Florence, Venice, Vicenza. If I did not spend enough time with Michelangelo, I was miserable and unhappy. If I spent too much time, I was tormented by Botticelli, Donatello, Guido Reni, the primitives and countless others screaming to be looked upon; not to speak of the cities themselves, the peoples, the streets, those black cypress trees, the sky. But nowhere in Italy was there any rest. The very air dripped beauty, and you corralled all your energies and drank greedily while you might.

Quite by chance one night, wandering through sleeping Venice, we came upon two minstrels, and I helped them serenade until four o'clock in the morning. That was, I admit, decidedly relaxing; and I felt almost like the Pied

(Continued on page 72)

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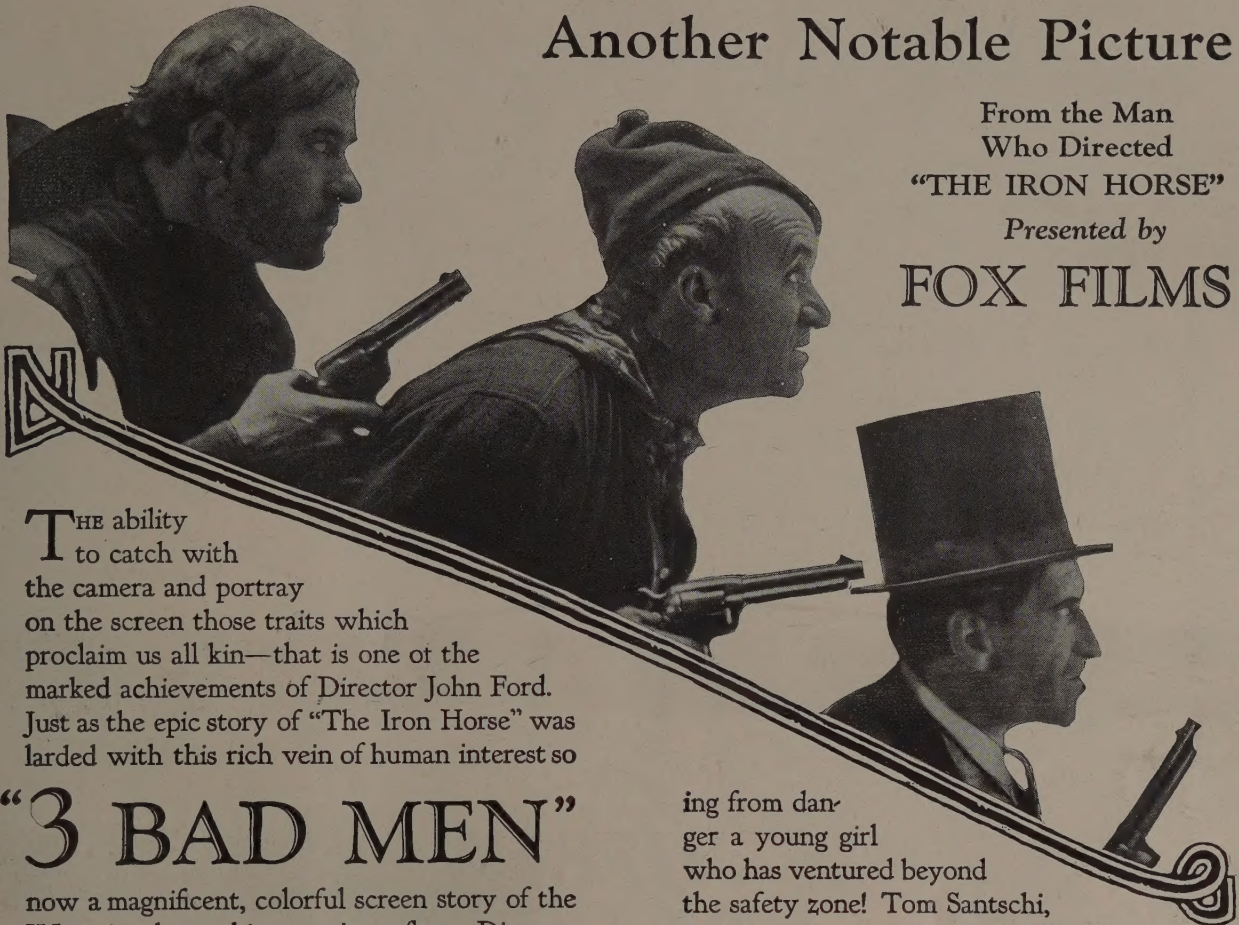
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THE new theatrical season is upon us with a rush. A swarm of new plays, a host of budding playwrights, myriad stars, rehearsing, opening, closing, succeeding, failing, scoring! With THEATRE MAGAZINE as scorekeeper and critic, you will be told of every hit and miss—with complete criticisms of the various plays.

THERE are certain people "who know" in every art or profession—whom we term "connoisseurs." Florenz Ziegfeld is one of these. He knows "star dust" when he sees it. Let the embryonic star merely pass before him, enter his office—the astute manager instantaneously senses her or his potentialities. In our November issue Mr. Ziegfeld explains the process of star-making, taking concrete examples, such as Eddie Cantor, Ray Dooley, Marilyn Miller and others. However, as is often the case, there may be some worthless bit of furniture hiding behind dust—and then again, there may be an unusual work of art. It is the material behind the dust that counts. Some stars are brighter than others—it is the dim ones that fade soonest—and finally vanish.

IF you have ever tried to interview a *première danseuse*, or if you have ever thought of doing it—or if you're just curious to know how "La Danseuse," the mamma of the *danseuse* and the elevator boy receive a reporter, read our next number. Fred Austin lets you share with him an interview he recently had, except that he spares you embarrassment, and gives you more than your quota of fun. You are escorted to the basement of the apartment house where "La première danseuse" in cellarlike peace is widely practising the Charleston—back into the dining-living-sitting room where the dainty suggestion of corned beef and cabbage slowly pervades the museum of Woolworth relics. A quiet chat follows in which the rough-ined interpreter of the elastique, classique, plastique renders a gavotte, which is part of her new piece, the Ballet of Big Business. She abruptly turns philosophical, cynical, ironical over having left beloved Russia to lay her art on American altars—only to be reproached for asking \$18,465.45 for a performance. And here with her lips as putty-blower, and the open window as target—she relieves herself of a condensed stick of gum, or two.

IS the actor a good business man? He is. He wasn't. The old actor, in his green-black suit, whose seat shone with the glamour of former days, with his stained bow-tie askew and his body emaciated as a result of malnutrition—has passed. The actor business man has succeeded him. Gilbert Seldes in a humorous article graphically cites instances proving this. He gives actual figures and statistics that bear him out. Did you know that the once poor Lenore Ulric now owns a fine home on the West Seventy Streets? That Edmund Breese, who resolved twenty years ago that he would not be of the class of impecunious actors, now owns an imposing home at South Norwalk,

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Conn.? That Zelda Sears' wealth is estimated at a third of a million dollars, which is the same financial rank as that of her friends, Florence and Mary Nash? That David Warfield so successfully invested his money in bonds that he is acknowledged to be one of the richest actors in America? Read what Mr. Seldes says under "Exit the Poor Actor."

A TALE of two cities can not begin to record as many adventures as *A Tale of Two Manuscripts*, as told by Joseph Kaye in the November issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE. The very moment the satisfied and optimistic playwright submits his dream child, and it leaves his adoring presence, it automatically becomes one of a universe, bucking the same tides, shoved by the same throngs and an object of the same criticism—until it encounters a soul-mate. At once it assumes the swagger of the gay Lothario, conquering thousands about it, playing to crowded admirers and generally creating a furore. Delightful adventures deftly told.

INTIMATE behind-the-screen happenings, the non-staged and non-coached occurrences that are sent direct to the THEATRE MAGAZINE, exclusively, are one of *Screenland's* features under the head of REEL-ISMS. Read them if you want "entre nous" Pictorial features, including advance shots from subsequent releases, stars, reprints from our portrait gallery, and film celebrities off-stage. When you select a motion picture star as your favorite, you want to know as much about him, or her, the home life, the pet recreations and hobbies, and what they are away from the screen. In other words, you want to hear him speak, do you not? He does, for us. Read the chats Sylvia B. Golden has with well-known screen stars, published in every issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE.

DID you guess to whom the feet belonged in our last issue, page 19? Of course you knew Charlie Chaplin's, center bottom; right of him June Walker, left of him, Ray Dooley. Middle row: Julia Kaye; left, Groucho Marx. Top row right, Pavlova; center, Frank Tinney and left, Ann Pennington. What was your score?

WITH this age of experiment, what with the Vitaphone, automatic cradles, electric washing machines and automats, someone has been inspired to create a playgoer's paradise. A theatre in which the seats will be allocated to the playgoer according to his intelligence quotient, instead of by mere price of admission. A humorous conception of ideal seating arrangement in a theatre is given in our next issue.

THE AMATEUR STAGE is bursting with a new stunt. Watch for it. Most interesting.

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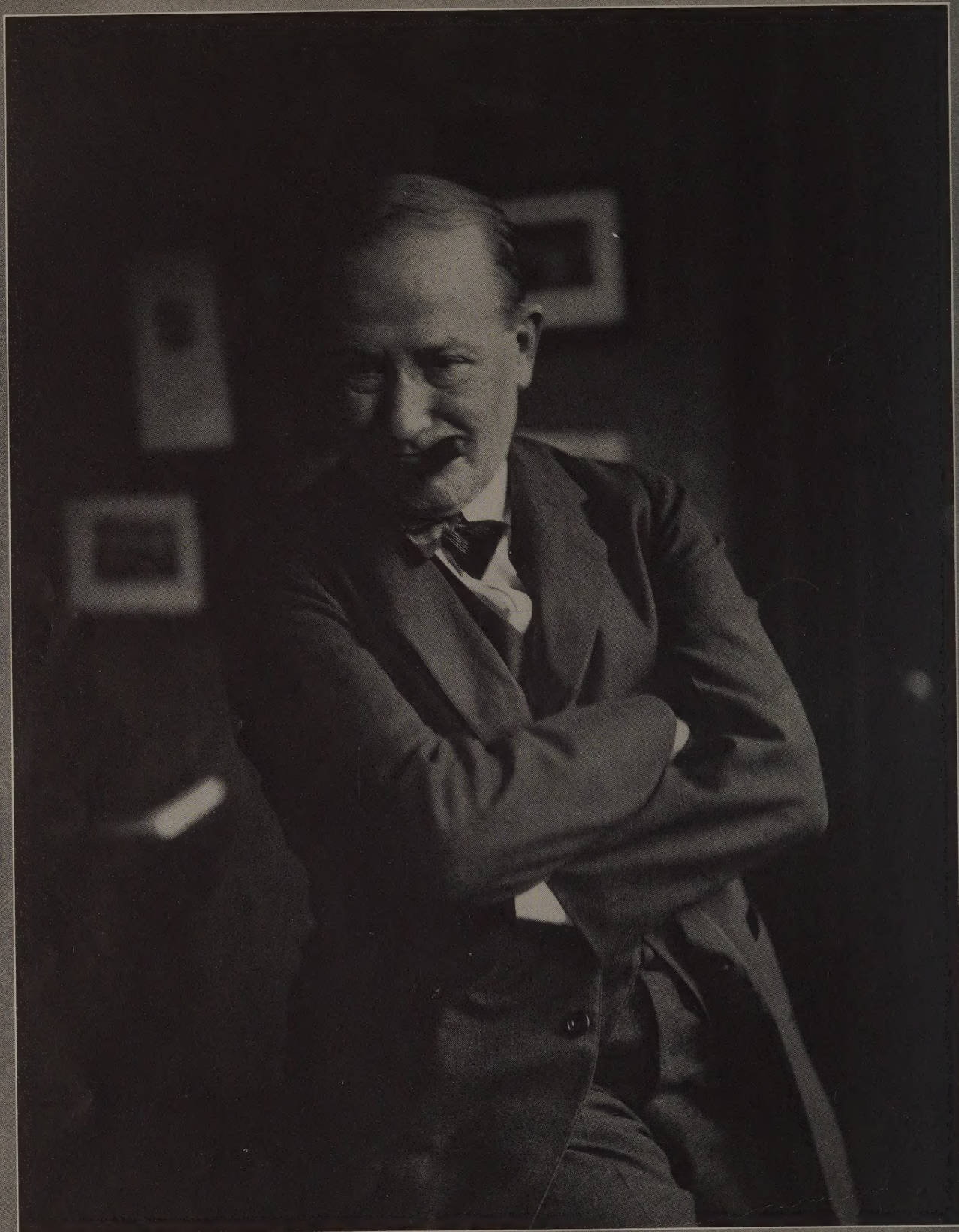
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EVA LE GALLIENNE

Clear vision, direct thinking, strong will and a keen sense of the theatre, combined a driving force that inevitably slated this interesting actress for her new rôle of director. Her first production will be Benevente's "Saturday Night" to be given under the auspices of the Civic Repertory Theatre Company on October 18th



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THE PRODUCERS. NO. 12: WILLIAM A. BRADY

The stormy petrel among American theatre managers. Began as a call boy in San Francisco. Then became actor and manager, working his way East with "After Dark." His battles with this piece earned him his reputation as a fighter which has continued ever since, and which was enhanced by his managing James J. Corbett. "Way Down East" was produced under the Brady "aegis," as were many other homely pieces including "Little Women." He also carried the Shakespearian banner through the land as manager of Robert B. Mantell. While of recent years he has not been as active as formerly, his schedule during the season just closed included such successes as "The Great Gatsby," "What Every Woman Knows," and "Kitty's Kisses"

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ARTHUR HORNBLow, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

OCTOBER, 1926

EDITORIAL BOARD: Gilbert Seldes, Ben Kaye, Lawton Mackall, Gordon Whyte, Burr Cook



The Editor's Uneasy Chair

Save Us from Our Friends

SYMPATHY will go to Mr. John Barrymore for the embarrassing position in which he is placed by too zealous managers presenting him as "the world's greatest actor" in the three-sheet posters announcing the Vitaphone, with which the town was lately plastered. Announcements of this kind are not, of course, intended to be taken seriously. They are meant for the consumption of the man in the street who, scarcely knowing one player from another, may be induced to buy seats to see "the world's greatest actor" whereas he might not be overly thrilled by the mere name of Barrymore. In the case of any ordinary performer such exaggeration of statement would pass unnoticed. Mediocre players are called "great" so often that the word has really lost its meaning. But to use this cheap form of advertising for an artist of Mr. Barrymore's standing emphasizes the offense against truth and good taste. It is all the outcome of this age of sensationalism, ignorance and false pretense we live in. Facts distorted, misstatements recklessly made, all to catch the nimble dollar. Great is a big word, especially when applied to an actor. A man may be a good actor, a very fine actor, but to be a *great* actor he must be extraordinary, and this is not the day of extraordinary talent on the stage. Of course, the intelligent public laughs at such exaggerations. The only person entitled to a grievance is Mr. Barrymore, who, it is safe to assume, never countenanced anything of the kind. The Barrymores are well-liked players. They come of distinguished theatrical lineage. They are very talented and success is theirs. But Fame has not yet laid the laurel of greatness on their brows. No one quicker than they themselves will resent the absurdity of the claim made.

Getting Value for One's Money

"DOES the new theatrical season," writes a correspondent, "give any promise of improvement as regards last year's glut of stage smut? Can one take one's family to the theatre without dreading what they will see?"

The season is still too young to venture a prophecy as to what the managers will do. Some daring plays are scheduled for production and if we are to believe reports from abroad the nudity craze is only in its infancy here. Mr. Belasco and Mr. Woods, turned purveyors of fetid melodrama, are still engaged in the lucrative pastime of glorifying the prostitute—black and yellow—while another leading manager, Mr. Gilbert Miller, announces for immediate production an adaptation of the much-discussed French play, *La Prisonnière*, which deals with sexual abnormality.

So, as may be seen, the erotic plays are still with us and there are likely to be more of them so long as their producers find there is a profitable market for that sort of thing. But the lover of the theatre need not be discouraged. The situation is not as bad as it seems. No one is compelled to see such plays against his or her will. The red light theatres with their unspeakable, scabby, mangy exhibitions can easily be avoided. The discriminating playgoer has learned long before this that such plays do not give him good value for his money. There are many plays in other houses which

will appeal to him far more. As a matter of fact, the American theatre was never, at any time in the 200 years of its history, more interesting, more virile, more deserving of public support than it is to-day. In Broadway's sixty-odd theatres there are at the present time many plays really worth while—plays that appeal to all tastes, all sorts and conditions of theatregoers, low and high brow. The intellectuals who like their Shaw; the sentimentalists who love their Barrie; the *cognoscenti* who enjoy the super-sophistication of Coward and Arlen; the more simple souls who weep over the homely dramas of Owen Davis and the weighty dramatic sermons of Mr. Pollock—the current bills satisfy them all, furnishing capital entertainment for man and beast.

The spectacle of the colored street-walker, Lulu Belle, prying a gold tooth out of a man she has just doped and robbed, may not be the sort of entertainment you expect to find in a first-class theatre, but as compensation, only a few blocks away, you have Mr. Winthrop Ames' beautiful revival of *Iolanthe*, which nightly fills the Plymouth. If, in *The Shanghai Gesture*, you are revolted by what you see in the Chinese brothel, all you have to do is to forget it by going to see Barrie's very delightful *What Every Woman Knows* at the Bijou. Why prow! among the sinister, murky, malodorous dung heaps when the sunlit, sweet-smelling fields beckon beyond?

Hurrah—the Midnight Opening!

EACH season your progressive showman racks his brains to devise some scheme which will get his new show talked about in advance of production. Early tryouts in the dog towns may have filled him with misgivings as to the real merits of the piece he is offering, but no matter. If he can get people coming he can probably humbug Broadway into believing it a whale of a show, a peppy, smart feature of the city's night life that everyone must see.

Charging fancy prices for first nights—\$50 and \$100 for shows worth all of \$1.49—having become somewhat of a chestnut, the latest game is the midnight opening. Instead of the piece starting at the usual time, it is advertised to begin at midnight. Immediately the prestige of the new play is increased enormously. No one secretly relishes being kept out of bed until four in the morning, but here is a rare occasion that one simply cannot afford to miss. Obviously a play opening at midnight must be far more exciting and worth while than a play opening at the ridiculous, old-fashioned hour of 8.30. Think who will be there! Everyone, of course. Men about town, habitués of the night clubs, the critics, successful bootleggers, fashion and beauty, screen stars, the leading harlots, famous hold-up men—the *élite* of the metropolis! What a thrill! Tickets must be secured at any cost if only to be seen there. Keep up with the procession. Go where everybody goes. And the morons follow the herd.

The midnight opening is a huge success, the newspapers give it columns of space, the town rushes to see the play. The astute producer chuckles as he counts the receipts and mutters: "What damned fools these mortals be!"

A. H.



Goldberg

NEW DANCING TEAM CAPTURES BROADWAY

Jimmie Pendleton and his graceful partner, Mary Denise—both Denishawn students—attracted attention in the Gavrillov Ballet last Spring and are re-engaged for the coming season. Pendleton, who has spent the summer months dancing at the exclusive Lake Placid Club, is at his best in eccentric dancing, and equally at home in the Argentine Tango, the cowboy Charleston and the dances of the East

Playing the Shrew

Illuminating the Domestic Problem Behind "Craig's Wife"

By CHRYSTAL HERNE

HALF of the women who write me about Craig's wife heap abuse upon her. The others try to explain her. The last are Craig's wives without knowing it. Every step in their justification of the selfish woman who brings ruin upon the house she defies is a separate and distinct indictment of themselves. By their apologies for her do they convict themselves of such sins as hers against an harmonious household.

There is no adequate apology for Craig's wife. There is an explanation, if we believe that environment is a sufficient explanation for a continuous course of petty selfishness. George Kelly, the author, has "planted" skillfully the facts of her harried, anxious girlhood under the rein of a stepmother and of her consequent determination to possess her own home. He shows that a house, which to her is home, is an obsession.

I cannot like Craig's wife as a woman. No one could like the self-centred, petty, designing creature. But I love playing her because she is so brilliant. So many facets flash back a dazzling light. She is clever. I enjoy showing that cleverness as one enjoys a plunge from one cool depth to another in the character of one of Ibsen's heroines. She is cruel, as cruel as a Borgia or Medici. Or perhaps it were a keener analysis to say that she is without social preceptions. That is revealed when, in the midst of a crucial discussion with her husband, in an acute crisis of her life, at a climax of the play, she goes to the mantel and discovers that a maid has moved a bit of bric-à-brac. There is an Ibsenian inflexibility in her determination to discharge the maid. Her strong home instinct, even though that instinct be perverted, is another absorbing facet. Only one trait of hers does not square with my idea of the psychology of the play. Some time I shall ask the author about it. Why does a woman who is so proud of her home want to keep other people out of it? I should say that she would want every other woman to witness what she thinks is perfection in the household arts.

YET she will not allow the widow who lives across the street to enter it. She discourages her husband's conversations with the widow. Not because she is jealous of her. She isn't a bit. She is too sure of her husband for that. She doesn't want her to come to the house. Her or anyone else.

Her cruelty is Heddagabler-like when she tries to prevent the meeting of her niece with the young man she loves. Yet thousands of aunts have played the same

rôle in life, believing they were right. As, without doubt, Craig's wife thought she was.

I can conceive that the play is a clarifying agent in domestic problems. It is not difficult to understand why scores of women go home and write me that "that horrid woman you play has taught me a lot of things I needed to know." It has

Have you ever met a "Craig's Wife"? Casually of course. There is a reason for her "craiging." It can always be traced to some peculiar obsession, either due to environment or heredity. Really fascinating to analyze her peculiarities, her reactions to certain accepted conventions. Insisting that all members of the household go "up the back stairway," in order not to soil the front stairs. Striving for a beautiful, immaculate home, but not wanting anyone to see it. Indifferently in love with her husband, but not tolerating his speaking courteously to any other woman. Chrystal Herne, who so aptly portrays the "Wife" in George Kelly's prize play, openly discloses her own family life, as the wife of Henry Pollard. Recommended to ladies and gentlemen alike, with a different appeal to each, of course.

brought about an abasement of spirit in countless homes. Though it amuses me to note that the confession of reform in the household is always accompanied by bitterness toward Craig's wife. Almost all such letter-writers say, "Why do you play that utterly abominable woman? You are sweet and should be playing good women." Craig's wife seems to that half of the feminine part of the audiences that have caused us to go on playing to the fiftieth week, wholly despicable. The ugliness of our own faults stir our hatred for their symbols.

Yet I repeat that that fact that I have played her so long without being tired of her proves what a deep and true study of a type of womanhood she is. For forty-three weeks I played her with unabating interest. At the beginning of the forty-third week I was conscious of the beginning of physical fatigue. But, unlike other rôles I have played, my interest in her has never for a moment dulled.

Mr. Kelly's prize drama sends a shaft of the light into the heart of the darkness of domestic problems. That shaft of light is the challenging fact of the need of honesty in family life. I am quite aware

of the feminine theory that one must never be wholly honest with one's husband. I know the plea for mental reservations. I have heard as many times each year as you readers have, "One must keep her husband guessing." But I have never been convinced. If I had, Craig's wife would have taught me its fallacy.

My own marriage happens to be an ideal one. All our intimate friends know that. A major reason is that in it we practice absolute honesty.

I ANTICIPATE the great chorus of objections. "But what if the practice of absolute honesty carries brutality with it? Truth may be brutal, you know."

The truth would not be brutal when one has such a husband as mine. I could not truthfully hurl at him an epithet harsher than that he is "a gentleman." He is very New England and very Harvard. Like the New England type, an almost painful inarticulateness overlies his emotional nature. He has only one fault. Of that I remind him—not brutally. He does not like people. At least, he does not like to make the effort of meeting them. I, too, am shy and reserved. But I like meeting and mingling with people more than he does.

He is Henry Pollard, an editor. He is leader writer and editor of the editorial page of a New York newspaper. My pride and interest in his work are profound. His post, I have always thought, is the most dignified and significant on a newspaper. It is the heart of a journal. His interest in my work is reciprocal.

I met him at a dinner. Three days later he gave a dinner. It was at Longvue. After the dinner we went for a walk. On that walk he asked me to marry him. It was our second meeting. I believed then that he was the one man for me, but the eternal feminine in me forbade me to say "Yes" with such dispatch. I said I would consider it. I went to Chicago to play in vaudeville a sketch that my sister, Julie, wrote. Mr. Pollard followed. We saw each other every day for a week. That was his wooing. He called it "The Courting of Chrystal Herne" and said, "What a good title that would be for a book or play." The last week of the vaudeville engagement in Chicago I spoke the delayed "Yes." He followed me a few weeks later to Los Angeles. He said he was going to bring me back Mrs. Henry Pollard and he did.

I believe in short engagements. The long engagement seems to be a lengthened mistake.

I know a woman who was engaged for
(Continued on page 62)

Youth Ahoy!

How the Actress Avoids the One Unpardonable Sin of Growing Old

By THODA COCROFT

YOUTH ahoy! Thar she blows, girls! Lower the boats and the ladies are off!

Invariably stage women make up the front ranks of the Stay-Young Hunters. To the successful actress Youth is a business obligation. In the depths of her sorrowful, secret soul which longs to grow middle-aged comfortably, she knows there is no box-office demand for old women (except in "character" rôles) on the Broadways of America. The clarion call of "Youth Ahoy" keeps her eternally on the alert. No star, whatever her magnitude, dares to disobey the summons of rejuvenation. Even the most insignificant players are careful to put in an appearance at the laborious sport. For there is justice in all things. If they have too many birthdays when they are young for one reason, they have too few as they grow older for another!

I have only seen one great and famous actress who ignored the Beauty Commandment. But this woman had no Broadway obligation in the matter of retaining her youth. She was indifferent to wrinkles, unmindful of crow's-feet, reconciled to grey hairs. No less a person was she than the matchless Dusé, supreme in her art but pathetic in her anility.

In *The Lady from the Sea* she made her appearance in the rôle of Ellida Wangel as a white-haired old lady, wrinkled and frail and older than time itself. So pitilessly was she marked by the years that I could not resist asking her why she made no concessions in the matter of make-up especially in a rôle where the tragic muse was out of place.

"*Tutta la veta è una tragedia*," she replied sadly. (All life is a tragedy.) To her it was as futile to attempt to disguise or postpone old age as to stop the tide, halt the sun or enforce prohibition.

OUR own actresses regard the matter in a very different light. The fact that beauty is only skin-deep does not inhibit their daily efforts in preserving the precious layer of epidermis between them and the dreaded Sear & Yellow. Some take to the pains of Cutting, some to the labor of Patting, some to the discomforts of Patching. But each sacrifice, no matter how unique or *outré*, is offered up at the same altar where reigns the sprightly but tyrannical god of Youthful Contours, Clear Complexions, and Skins-You-Love-To-Touch.

In the novel method of "Patching" employed by a lovely middle-aged English-lady Star, two tabs of adhesive plaster are connected by a wide tape. On the facial muscle which is in intimate juxtaposition to the lady's left eye, the adhesive is firmly plastered. The tape is then drawn over

the head and the other piece coyly plastered within flirting distance of the right eye. A glossy transformation is then drawn over the tape on top of the head. Thus the miracle of the self-lifted face! Through the magical achievement the sagging lines are eliminated. Right up under the dandy little patches of adhesive they have been tucked away for the evening's performance. And unless the gummy grip of the admirable

To the successful actress Youth is a business obligation. In the depths of her sorrowful, secret soul which longs to grow middle-aged comfortably, she knows there is no box-office demand for old women (except in "character" rôles) on the Broadways of America. The clarion call of "Youth Ahoy!" keeps her eternally on the alert. No star, whatever her magnitude, dares to disobey the summons of rejuvenation. This article describes some of the painful expedients to which many actresses are compelled to resort in order to cheat old Father Time.

tape should fail, they will remain tucked snugly in 'until the play is over. I have seen occasions, to be sure, when the patches began to slip. In these emergencies it was only necessary for the Lady Star to hasten out to her dressing-room, remove her transformation, and slap on two sturdy additional pieces (likewise attached by a tape) and trust to these little Soldiers to stick to their duty until the end of the evening. The maid employed by this Lady uses up all her leisure time when the Lady herself is out on the stage, in sewing tape to adhesive patches. There is always a large supply on hand. They not only pile up on the Lady's dressing-table but often between a matinée and evening performance they accumulate right on her head, so that coming upon her by accident when her transformation is removed you see a network of tape thicker than the barbed-wire entanglements in the German trenches and rising mounds of adhesive plasters at her temples generously smeared with flash grease-paint. Yet wisely this Lady Star believes in being a slave to her art only when she is on the stage. In the privacy of her own apartment she removes the self-inflicted beauty bands and relaxes to complacent attitudes of middle-age.

The skinning and peeling and cutting devotees are not nearly as happy as the

lady with the self-lifted face. One of these in particular, a Russian actress with a great talent, described to me in harassing detail the torments she endured from a necessary facial operation. The trouble began with the matter of reducing. One season on the road without realizing it, she became enormously fat. When she returned to New York at the end of the long tour she discovered that it was impossible for her to

play a certain rôle for which she had been engaged unless she radically reduced her weight. The most immediate method brought to her attention was that of drugs, and without consulting a physician she began to swallow half a dozen Sure-Deduction pellets a day.

THE effect was astonishing. As if sliced off with a knife, the pads of flesh fell away from her bones. At the end of three weeks she was thin. At the end of four weeks she was emaciated. At the end of five weeks she was dangerously ill. A hospital and a sanitarium followed. She was convalescing for months. But having survived the poisonous pellets she discovered that she was too thin to play any part, much less the one which had been held in waiting for her. It was her face which was the worst of all. Her skin hung in folds, with loose jowls, sagging cheeks . . . only the limp covering for the round, pleasant contour of her pre-reduction days. Directly she decided upon a facial operation.

A month later she was playing again with a strangely preserved face. With the aid of make-up from the other side of the foot-lights, this new face gave an impression of youth, but close-up it was neither young nor old—fish, flesh, nor fowl! Like a perfect canned peach or a splendid preserved pear it was ageless and unlined. All the character lines had been erased. I could only think of the embalmed faces of the Egyptian mummies as I was talking to her.

"Did it hurt?" I inquired curiously.

"Not so much when they cut me," she said, "but it bothers me *now* all the time. It itches and pulls continuously. The skin is drawn so tight over my cheeks that I feel as if I can't relax my face at all. And it's not over yet."

"What do you mean?" I cried.

Obligingly she lifted up her bobbed hair and showed me the red scars in front of her ears. "If they have fashions in face-lifting, they'll be pleating it next, or else adding scallops under the chin, and inserting tucks on the upper lip."

"Not another incision?" I exclaimed.

The actress gave a long-suffering affirmative sigh. "They've cut me seven times this month. I'm ready to crack if I smile."

(Continued on page 58)



Everybody's friend. The zip and optimism of the press-agent never vacillate whether "school keeps or not." She can kill, cure and kapture—all under the head of publicity



The producer! Can you hear the \$20 gold pieces gushing forth—in Niagara Falls fashion? So can he—but he calls it an "endless stream"



Six Characters Who Found an Author

(Sketches by Leo Kober)

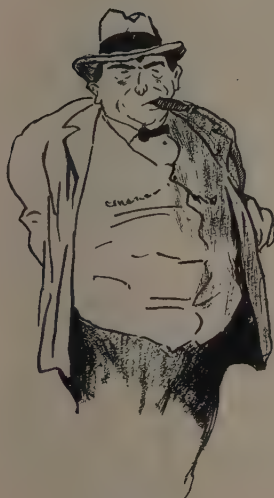


Much abused leading man. Always on the defensive—being prosecuted by everybody. Has much to contend with. Such inferior minds about him—with utter lack of understanding

Most exasperating to the director is the fact that no one in the cast can show the spirit and energy he can. "Actors!" he sneers—"they ought to be hucksters"

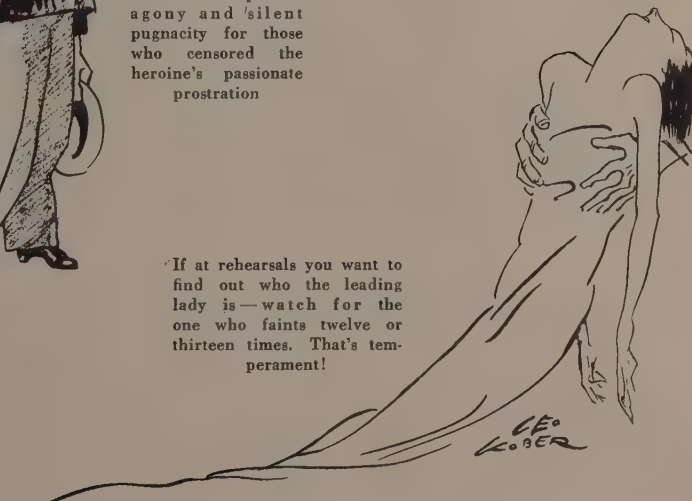


The modern young author, simply wretched over what has become of his "œuvre." Compressed agony and silent pugnacity for those who censored the heroine's passionate prostration



The olympic peacefulness of the "whole show"—the property man. His cigar, his size and his ease assure him "there ain't no use worryin' 'cause ev'rything 'll be all right"

If at rehearsals you want to find out who the leading lady is—watch for the one who faints twelve or thirteen times. That's temperament!



Temperament!

Richard Bennett Tells of the Many Things That Upset an Actor's Nerves

By ZOE BECKLEY

RICHARD BENNETT is temperamental. Others no doubt, from time to time, have also remarked it. Hasn't the phrase, "To pull a Dick Bennett," become currently more or less significant on both sides of the curtain?

It just depends what you mean by temperament. Some translate it as "temper" and trim it with adjectives uttered through clenched teeth. Others, including Richard himself, call it "sensitivity" and assert that any artist worth his salt has need for emotional expression. There you have it—emotional expression!

Well, anyhow, whatever temperament is, Mr. Bennett has it. He didn't deny it. He couldn't. His home is temperamental. His ways. His speech. His very garments—beautifully so, the ones we saw that day before he hopped off to Los Angeles and had been packing trunks: Chinese mandarin coats, stiff with gold and silk embroideries; house robes of unctuous black; unclassified vestments flaring whitely at the throat, with hints of mauve pajama-things; rich cloaks flung on with stately carelessness. Yet there was the impeccably conventional evening dress laid out upon a couch, awaiting the moment when we should depart and release the host for his dinner date.

His house is, like the negligée attire, exotic—top floor of a mansion in the East Fifties, done into a bachelor apartment of rare originality. Black floors, dull green walls, red lacquer highboys and lowboys, tables, chairs and couches. Doors of black, touched with gold and green. Mantels and woodwork black and red with gold bands.

"And not one inch of it," says Richard with pardonable pride, "done by a decorator."

"Who then?" we ask, suspecting the truth.

"ME!"

Then he leads us round to inspect the hallway, the bed-chamber, dressing-room, bath (no shower—he hates showers, imagine! Temperament again!); and an enormous cupboard big enough to house an elephant, but cumbered with rows and rows of "hideous shelves" that got so upon the Bennett nerves that he lined the whole closet with shirred goldish-coppery silk, hung a goldish-coppery light from mid-ceiling, stuck in a wee chair and table of harmonious color and design—

"And now what is it?" we inquire anxiously.

MR. BENNETT scratches his ear with the air of an artist who, having made truly beautiful things, should escape the responsibility of dedicating them to this

use or that. Perhaps the goldish-coppery cubicle will one day be a refreshment oasis or a spot in which to refresh complexions or—or just a place for meditation and prayer. Whatever it is or may become, it is a further proof of temperament. Any man has temperament who can turn a



Nickolas Hax

"No one knows but those on our side of the footlights the torture of the giggling, coughing, talking, sneezing, foot scuffling audience. We have worked like galley slaves for weeks, till we can barely stand, giving all that's in us, only to have our work destroyed by selfishness and stupidity. If we occasionally break loose under the strain they call it 'temperament'."

closet full of shelves into a cubbynook lovely enough to start the imagination racing on all six!

Possibly everyone but ourself knew Richard Bennett could tinker furniture, shellac floors, decorate rooms and even paint pictures—good pictures. And that he possesses fabrics and porcelains that are virtually museum pieces. But we'll wager everyone doesn't know he started his career as a prize-fighter out in Indiana and was a ring champion to be reckoned with a whole year and a half before he drifted behind the scenes, first as shifter, then as actor.

He managed to make Chicago and got his first part in *The Limited Mail* at the Standard Theatre. The New York debut was in the same play. The high spots of his theatrical work have been *Man and Superman*, *Damaged Goods*, *Beyond the Horizon*, *What Every Woman Knows*

(1910), *He Who Gets Slapped* (a striking portrait of "He" hangs in Mr. Bennett's living-room and is one of his best-loved possessions), *The Hero*, *The Dancers* and *They Knew What They Wanted*.

This last piece leads us gently back to the subject of temperament.

There were numerous allegations of temperament during Richard Bennett's most recent New York appearance.

"How did you come"—we fixed him with an accusing eye—"to walk out on the play as you did?"

"Didn't walk out on it! Never walked out on any play or producers or managers or anything or anybody."

"People say you are temperamental—"

"Of course they do. People say a lot of things based on one side of the question."

NOW we have always heard that there are at least two sides to every question, and accordingly listened with interest to a story that has many phases and complexities. Incidentally we learned a lot about temperament.

"Suppose, for example," says Mr. Bennett, scrouging into an enormous armchair and lighting his *n*th cigarette from a porphyry box behind the big fat Hindu luck god on the table, "you've been playing a long time under the severest sort of mental strain."

"Suppose domestic affairs have preyed on your mind till it's all shot. Suppose your body, being of flesh, blood and nerves instead of reinforced concrete, threatens to give out altogether, and your doctor prescribes rest or a madhouse. You feel yourself slipping—and you don't want to slip. What," he asked suddenly, "would YOU do?"

"Tell the powers that be about it—and prowloff somewhere for a rest."

"Exactly! I explained that I must get away for a day or two, took the train after the night performance Saturday and went to some friends in Canada, with no intention of staying longer than Monday. Even had my return ticket. In Canada, to my own surprise and everyone else's, I went down like a house of cards in utter collapse. My friends wired that as soon as the doctors could patch me into shape I'd be back—surely not later than time for Wednesday's matinée."

"I returned on Wednesday, to find that other arrangements had been made about my rôle, and I was definitely out. Of course, it was not so simple as all that. There were many intricacies. But the gist of it was that I was 'temperamental' and

(Continued on page 53)



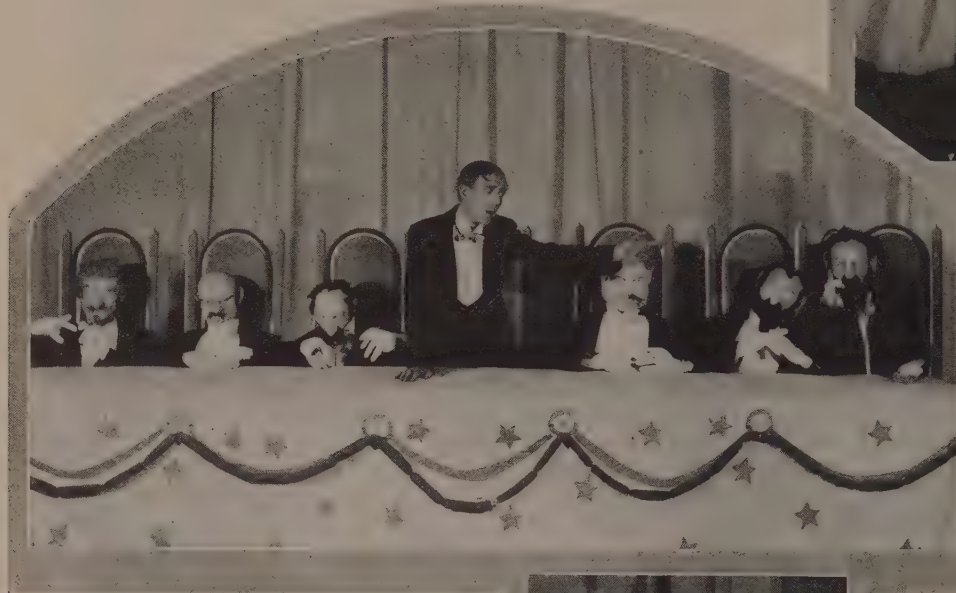
Photo by Nickolas Haz

Dick Bennett admits he has temperament. What actor worth his salt hasn't? It was temperament which enabled him to decorate his beautiful apartment in the East Fifties without calling in the help of an art expert. It was temperament that enabled him—the former prize fighter, then scene shifter—to become one of the most popular of Broadway stars. But of all his creative work, he likes best his three daughters, one of whom, Barbara, is sitting here listening and occasionally putting in a word while her talented dad holds forth on the subject of temperamental actors

As member of The Rotary Club, Charles Butterworth makes an after-dinner speech, introducing his six friends of eight and ten years' standing, all of whose names suddenly escape him. One of the gentlemen (and he is a man with his two feet on the ground) is a moth-ball designer; another (and he is a man with his two feet on the ground), the foremost meat-costumer—designing the little frilly panties on lamb chops, etc. Mr. Butterworth's drollery is the highest spot of the performance—it is brilliant



Evelyn Bennett, "newsy," of tabloid papers, is a discovery of one of the most intriguing little "urchins" of the stage. What does she care if she doesn't appear beautiful—she needn't. Her personality is exquisite!



Photos by
Vandamm



The Victorian "Pa" (Roy Atwell) explains to Rollo, his son (Lew Brice), that there is something he must tell the adolescent youth—now that he is of age. The sophisticated lollipop consumer ensnares his reticent, evasive parent into a maelstrom of words



Lillian Ring, the French peasant, whose beautiful voice sings itself into the heart of the American doughboy, Lehman Byck, chooses "The Statue of Liberty" as confidante in her *affaire d'amour*



"The Americana Girl," Betty Compton, makes so ravishingly beautiful an Ophelia in a skit called *The Student Prince of Denmark* that had the original Hamlet met her, it would have settled for him "To be—or not to be"

THE BANNER REVUE OF THE SEASON, "AMERICANA"

Woven by J. P. McEvoy and unfurled by Richard Herndon, at the Belmont Theatre

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

Watch the Expression on His Face



INTO a rather inchoate comedy at the Biltmore the author, Mr. Sam Janney, has injected several scenes that compel loud guffaws. The question of good taste does not

seem to enter much into the material our present managers are offering, and leaving this element out of the question, there is no denying that in spots *Loose Ankles* evokes a kind of wild hilarity which Mr. Brook Pemberton evidently counts upon for his managerial profit.

These scenes deal with the intimate discussion, by several lounge lizards, of their methods of graft, whereby old and unattractive dames are made to pay in cash and trinkets for the attentions and services of these grubbing youths. They talk sidewalk conversation of the loosest and most ribald sort, but evidently to the delight of certain audiences who revel in ultramodern jargon.

The story of the play, which is never very clearly told, deals with one of those unique wills that interfere with the course of true love. The heroine must marry. The heroine refuses. Rather than be compelled to marry, she will compromise herself with anybody. She advertises for a compromiser. One appears. Then another. Both have been affiliated with the lounge lizards. Neither appears very attractive, but just by mere stage contrivance she decides to end the play by marrying the more inane of the two. So she doesn't even get compromised; she doesn't have the satisfaction of defeating the will. She doesn't do anything but prove that she might just as well have brought the story to an end in the first act as kept it trailing somewhat tediously along until the third.

Only in the separate scenes that are laid in rooming houses of the lizards, and are apart from the rest of the play, the author indulges himself in an evident talent for "sure-fire" patter. It may be—and who shall say it shall not be so—that Mr. Pemberton may boom this material into considerable box-office value. In which case why waste criticism on the many inept spots in the play, which is not billed as a farce but as a comedy? But we dare no longer quarrel with the misuse of that term—since all the slap-stick of the movies has come to be called comedy.

The cast is headed by Kathleen Comegys, who plays the heroine with much gusto and considerable pulchritude. Two of the lounge lizards, in the persons of Osgood Perkins and Charles D. Brown, rendered their lines with full understanding. Lavinia Shannon has a rather silly part to play, but handled it tactfully. There were others who were very irritating, either in themselves or on account of the wearisome things the author has given them to say or do.

THE feeble story Mr. Myron C. Fagan tells in *The Little Spitfire* at the Cort has been told many times before and this time quite as tediously as ever.

It relates how a wealthy scion of America's alleged aristocracy weds a humble maiden of the Bronx, and the resultant hubbub raised by the rest of his family. This plot has been worn threadbare. It is true that the author, by

skies, proved to be the most glucose production of any season, past, present or future. It is safe to make this prediction for the future, for it is certain that such saccharine heights can never be scaled again by any playwright.

"Sunshine" is the nickname of a dear old lawyer who is too gentle and kindly to accept fees

from his clients. He has a dear, sweet daughter who visits his office on the anniversary of her mother's death and puts a nose-gay of flowers on her father's desk "in remembrance." Then, clasped in each other's arms, this sentimental and bereaved pair actually take out mother's picture and show her the flowers they brought her as they converse tenderly with her. This is bathos at its best—and worst. At intervals throughout the play the father and daughter engage in sentimental dialogue about the dear departed. At home they place sprays of flowers above her picture on the wall.

There comes a time when dear old doting papa finds out that he is not the father of sweet daughter. Dear, departed mama had fooled him all

the time! The real papa, though he vanished before the child was born, and does not know whether it is a girl or boy, suddenly is seized with a sentimental yearning for it and goes out baby-hunting. There are many bucolic types who mutter "gosh" in good old hayseed fashion.

O. P. Heggie tries his best to shed some of the honey coating of his rôle by playing it with quiet benignity. But he cannot entirely escape from the sugary lines or the maudlin scenes in which he must participate. Ruth Lee overacts the rôle of an-impossible hired girl.

THE only encouragement offered by *Honest Liars*, the farce by Robert Weenolsen and Sherrill Webb, seen at the Sam Harris Theatre, lies in its title. At least it gives fair warning of what may be expected of it. Nor is one disappointed. The piece deals in beds, pajamas and scantily clad women who hide in men's rooms. It is but poor stuff, tawdry and vulgar, yet who knows—so low to-day is the public taste—there may be a run even for this sort of dramatic stew.

It seemed little short of sacrilege to find so good an actor as Robert Woolsey wasting his time in the cast. He struggles obviously, pumping his own can of oxygen into the rickety lungs of the play, but it's a helpless job, just poor stock, too fragile to work on. George MacFarlane, the producer, must have decided that it was high time Al Woods had a competitor, and like the furniture dealer who gives out coupons for his "opening," that entitles the purchaser to something for which he doesn't pay—this new purveyor of bedroom drama made a brave show of distributing cheap souvenirs.

Plays You Ought to See

AMERICANA—A clean, clever, snappy revue full of sparkle, buoyancy and sophistication. Amusing comedy and with sketches above the average in originality and merit. A show not to be missed.

CRAIG'S WIFE—Comedy of a domestic tyrant. Only fair to middling as a play, but carried to success by splendid performance of Chrystal Herne as the shrewish wife. Won Pulitzer Prize for 1925.

IOLANTHE—Another delightful Gilbert and Sullivan revival. Amusing, charming and tuneful, with Ernest Lawford, John Barclay, Vera Rose and Lois Bennett.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS—Brilliant revival of the Barrie play. One of the rare treats of the late season, with Helen Hayes playing the rôle of Maggie and Kenneth MacKenna taking the part of John Shand, the ambitious railway porter.

a series of what are to-day known as "wise cracks," endeavors to outfit the brother of the Bronx maiden with a slangy part calculated to amuse the groundlings; and this part is extremely well played by Russell Mack; but it is little recompense for the dull and uninteresting proceedings that fill up the evening. Mr. Fagan should first construct before he attempts to embroider. By some of the lamest efforts at making situations he gets the heroine (who is called the Little Spitfire because she is a spunky little thing) into one of those machine-made complications that compromise her—one of those illogical but convenient visits to the villain's lodgings to save an erring youth at the end of the second act. This leaves a third act to straighten things out.

Mr. B. F. Witbeck, the producer, has given the play a fine setting and a cast of many good names. Besides Russell Mack, Eileen Wilson distinguishes herself as his young, and equally plebeian, wife. This pair work extremely well together. A. H. Van Buren staged the play effectively and also gave an actorlike performance of the blue-blood father. Sylvia Field, in the title rôle, seemed, to this reviewer, ineffective and generally uninspiring.



SUNSHINE, a "comedy of kindness" by Henry C. White, produced at the Lyric during the recent prolonged rainy spell when Broadway had nothing to offer but dripping

AFTER a long diet of huge, unwieldy spectacular shows, overburdened with scenery, choked with principals and girls until the eye becomes satiated with the orgy of dazzling curtains and splendor of costume, an unpretentious, intimate revue called *Americana*, launched on the tiny boards of the Belmont with but few people, practically no costuming and next to no scenery at all, came as a refreshing surprise. The piece has some dull spots, but more good ones. That it scored an instant success is not surprising.

It's a sell-out and deserves to be. Firstly, the title is attractive. It has a patriotic appeal. There is an unwanted sparkle about the whole thing. It's a *Charlot Revue* with Charlot pep, Charlot buoyancy and Charlot sophistication, but with American settings and American humor instead of the imported article. It goes with snap, it is clean, it is clever; above all it has a new comedian, Charles Butterworth, an excruciatingly funny man with a face like an undertaker, whom you must see even if you have to mortgage your home, sell your automobile or borrow from mother-in-law to do it.

The sketches, for the most part, are above the average in merit. Among the best is *Travogue*, showing Times Square. Here Roy Atwell, whose quiet humor is effectively utilized throughout the lengthy program, plays the rôle of an out-of-towner who, forgetting he is in a foreign city, accosts the passers-by to ask the way. The first New Yorker speaks nothing but Italian, the second nothing but Polish, the third nothing but Hebrew. The only person able to direct him is a Chinaman. In another amusing sketch, *Miami*, you see how the real-estate game is played during the boom in Florida, Mr. Butterworth playing the part of a credulous prospect lured into buying lots by the sweet tunes of a violin. The best thing of all, of course, is the highly diverting *After-dinner Speech*, in which Mr. Butterworth has a splendid opportunity to show his art in imitating a moribund after-dinner speaker. With three notables on either side of him (all but one wax figures), he rises, highly nervous, and, in a solemn tone and a tremolo in his voice that resembles the rough edge of a jig-saw, introduces his six honorary guests to the members of the Rotary Club. Each one of these gentlemen he presents as "a bosom friend of eight or ten years, whose name is—name—is—well, his name suddenly escaped me—but a man with his two feet on the ground. Mr. Fuss." Butterworth goes on to announce, "is a famous meat costumer; he is the gentleman who puts the frilly paxties on lamb chops." Another he introduces as "Mr. Hooper, a gentleman who has come to the top as a renowned moth-ball designer."

Then there is Evelyn Bennett with no end of humor in her funny pug nose and roguish newsboy air, to say nothing of her vibrant character dancing, and Lew Brice, who is far funnier as Rollo, the boy with the lollipop, instructed by his father in the great law of nature than he is later as the student prince of Denmark. This last sketch might well be cut. The first scene in the Shubert office is amusing, but the rest is nonsense.

There are some good voices in *Americana*, Louis Lazarin, Harriet Burke and Lillian Ring among the outstanding. A negro quartette, singing the much-abused spirituals, deserves

mention. The best musical contributions (not including the adaptations from Russian, Negro and American folk songs) were made by Henry Souvaine, Morrie Ryskind and Philip Charig.

IT is hard to classify the weird play, *No More Women*, by Samuel Shipman and Neil Twomey, produced at the Ambassador by Laurence Schwab and Frank Mandel. Mr. Mandel, who writes plays himself, must have been perplexed to define it when he accepted it. He may have collaborated with the authors when he labeled it on the play-bill "A Western Comedy with New York ideas." It is a sad commentary on New York that by adding large gobs of unsavoriness to anything formless and inane it becomes ripe for this market. With a mind perfectly poised to do justice to this creation, the reviewer became stunted in trying to explain why *No More Women* was ever written.

It starts out to tell how a heart-broken New Yorker seeks refuge in a Wyoming shack from the false love of a very naughty Manhattan lady. But before one gets halfway interested in this subject another very naughty flapper comes upon the scene, the latter a supposedly pure young thing running away from a brutal stepfather. Of course, the elder sinner also arrives, and we are suddenly called upon to follow the cavortings of this pair.

This pabulum is stirred up by the authors until it becomes very messy. It enlists the services of an overmasculine cowboy who turns up in pursuit of the runaway youngster and who shifts his amorous designs without rhyme or reason to the New York dame who has come to Wyoming to recapture her absconding swain.

It is impossible to say where the center of interest lies, until finally one realizes that there is neither center nor interest. Some violent physical demonstrations, misnamed love scenes, occur, and in the most mechanical way in the world the lovers—save the mark!—swap sweethearts, and the curtain falls. There is evidently no other design in the thing save to make the various incidents show how far bad taste can be exploited with impunity.

The acting seemed mediocre, owing to the utterly unreasonable things the characters were called upon to do. John Marston played the New York deserter and Charles Bickford the Westerner in leather breeches, whose chief employment was keeping the last named in place. The two women were interpreted by Nana Bryant, who first outrageously pursued Mr. Marston and then quite as outrageously manipulated the cowboy. Mildred McLeod was cast for the flapper, and Lord! how she flapped.

NIC-NAX, the mid-summer revue at the Cort, has a singularly apt title. It is a conglomerate collection of odds and ends, none of which can hold for long the eye of even so tolerant a patron as he who enjoys theatre-going in mid-August.

The show opens on a brilliant but a false and irritating note. *Nic-Nax* of 1926 in lights which resemble Kleigs is flashed across the stage when the curtain rises. You try vainly to shade your eyes from the blinding glare and at the same time watch the performance.

The psychological result is that it now requires a considerable display of exceptional talent to put them back in good humor—and that exceptional talent is not forthcoming. The revue lacks novelty, it is amateurish in construction, and there are no glowing stars for whom the mediocre cast can act as foils. The lyrics are inane, the lines slightly vulgar. There is one song about "Sesqui, Sesqui, Sesquicentennial." The young woman who sings it ought to have her pay raised. It requires considerable tongue-twisting and larynx-cajoling to make the reiterated "Sesqui, Sesqui, Sesquicentennial" sound musical. The singer doesn't succeed, but she tries. And that's something!

There is also a number about "Broadways of Broadway," in which the merry little girls twitter sweetly "We are the Broadways of Broadway." From these two samples can be gleaned the type of songs which bespatter the revue. The only redeeming features of the whole concoction are the catchy reprise number and the eccentric dancing of Nat Nazarro, Jr. The responsibility for *Nic-Nax* is divided between Paul W. Porter, Matt Kennedy and Roger Gray, who wrote the words; Gitz Rice and Werner Janssen, the music; Jack Connors, the dances and ensembles; George Mooser, director. Mr. Gitz Rice directs the orchestra.

THERE are pyramids of stone—and pyramids of papier-mâché. The play *Pyramids*, seen at the George M. Cohan Theatre, belongs to the more fragile variety. It is possible that Samuel Ruskin Golding had some definite plan in mind when he started building, but the result is not happy. His hand is too heavy and his material too stale. Credit for novelty may be given the prologue, which takes place in a taxi. As the curtain rises the stage is entirely dark, except for the two headlights of the cab, switched on and off and then immediately showing the interior of the vehicle, with Mrs. Amory (Carroll McComas) and Martin Van Cott (Charles Waldron) bobbing up and down to the rhythm of the wheels.

IT is rather a sardonic fact that phenomenal hits are as a rule accidental and that labored attempts to reproduce them by rote and method have often resulted in disappointment. *Abie's Irish Rose* has been staggering the theatregoing communities of the country for several years, and many minds have been at work diagnosing its success. The latest attempt to imitate the kind of thing Miss Nichols' play is supposed to be was made by William J. Perlman, who wrote *My Country* and had it produced by the Independent Producing Company at Chanin's Forty-sixth Street Theatre. Mr. Perlman has mixed up many of Abie's ingredients, dosed and doctored the primitive idea of racial intermarriage, until there emerges a rather flabby play of the order

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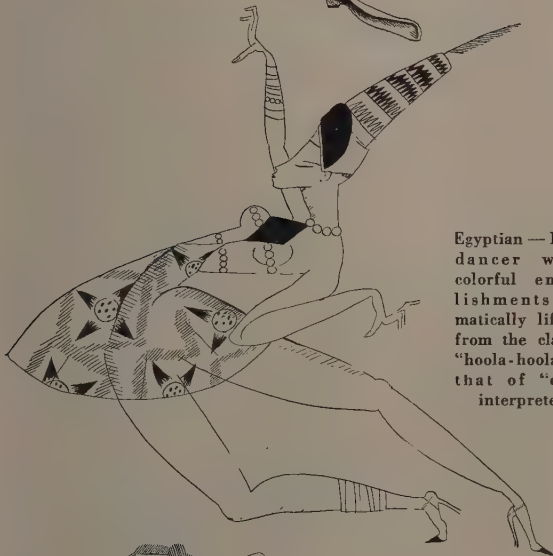




"Those Darkey Blues"—Primitive vigor that finds relief in volcanic eruptions of "Mmm, baby"



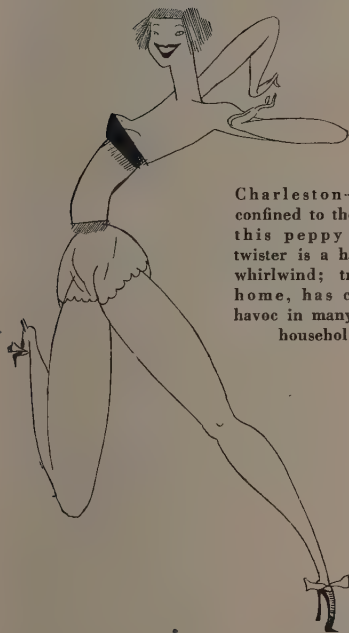
Hawaiian
—Languorous, wavelike gyrations of whole wheat-fields expressing the sensuous South Sea Islanders



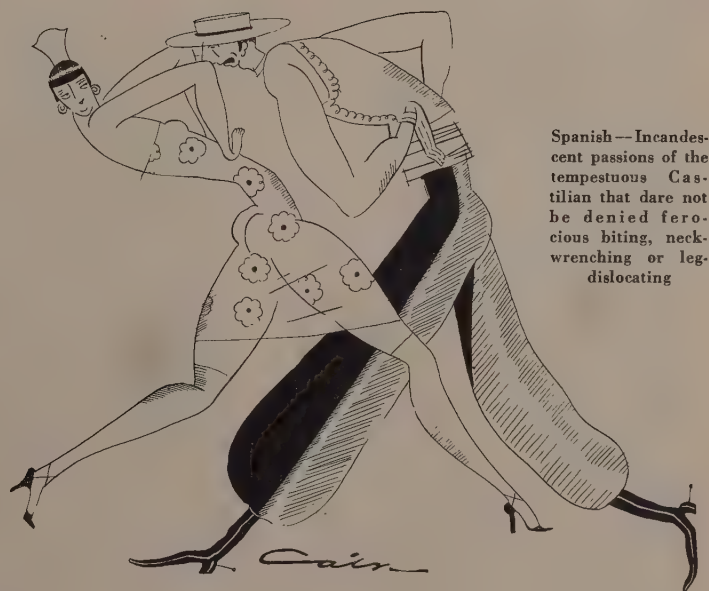
Egyptian — Exotic dancer whose colorful embellishments automatically lift her from the class of "hoola-hoola" to that of "classic interpreter"



Russian—Spirited explosions of Russian fire that sweep through the audience, but never disturb the angle of the dancer's hat



Charleston—When confined to the stage, this peppy knee-twister is a harmless whirlwind; tried at home, has caused havoc in many men's households



Spanish—Incandescent passions of the tempestuous Castilian that dare not be denied ferocious biting, neck-wrenching or leg-dislocating

DANSES INTERNATIONALES

Interpreted by Broadway's terpsichorean contortionists

The Stage Mommer

Canny Adviser to Aspiring Offspring, But Not Overpopular With Company Manager

By RICHARD SAVAGE

THE Back-Stage Mother is difficult to evaluate. Viewing her through the sympathetic medium of her relationship to her daughter, you feel intense admiration for her heart-breaking sacrifices. But when you close your eyes to the values which she has for her actress-daughter and glimpse at the debit side of the ledger, which is painfully apparent to the executives of the theatre, you are confronted with an entirely different picture, one which shows Mommer as a misfit behind the footlights. As a rule, you find her some place where she doesn't belong. If she is not standing in the wings to watch her *adorable* daughter perform, and thus interfering with the property-man, electrician, carpenter, stage manager, assistant stage manager and prompter, to say nothing of blocking an important entrance where players must push her out of the road to get onto the stage, she is almost certain to be out in front, cornering the company manager in the lobby.

"My Muriel cannot dress with that vulgar Smith woman. I will not permit it!"

Patiently the company manager explains the crowded condition of the dressing-rooms. There are several business calls waiting for him in the box-office, but with admirable self-possession he attempts to calm the interfering parent.

"If you would prefer to have her dress in the chorus room——" he offers.

Mrs. Mommer becomes agitated. "The idea! The *insult!* My baby . . . dress in a chorus room. Why, my child is the HIT of your show!"

But before she can finish her tirade the manager tactfully retreats into the business office and locks the door.

During this last season I dropped into the —— Theatre in Chicago to chat with the company manager of a popular musical revue. There were six mothers and one father traveling with that show. Each night they held a parents' meeting in the lobby and when they had passed their evening resolutions they approached the company manager with a list of complaints.

"It's not a theatrical troupe we've got here," the harassed manager remarked. "It's a family riot."

I HAVE even known a traveling company manager to become so aggravated by a mother's whining and grumbling en route that he forced her to pay her own fare even though he had a block ticket which permitted the transportation of others besides company and crew, and it would have cost him nothing to let her ride on it.

When a stage daughter has great talent or beauty, no one can blame her mother for her admiration of her child, but it seems

to me it's a bit like painting the lily to comment on it. One in particular occurs to me. She is the mother of a very beautiful star and plays the rôle of maid to her distinguished offspring.

"Isn't she beautiful?" she will exclaim over and over again if you are lucky enough to gain admission to her daughter's dressing-room. "Isn't she lovely? Isn't she the most heavenly thing on earth?"

Right in her daughter's presence this

There are stage mothers and stage mothers. Some are sympathetic friends, wise counselors, canny advisers—mothers who have made all kinds of sacrifices to help their daughters win Broadway fame. Other stage mothers are less popular figures. If they are not standing in the wings watching their gifted children perform, thus interfering with the property-man, and prompter, to say nothing of blocking an important entrance, they are almost certain to be out in front cornering the company manager in the lobby with imaginary grievances.

refrain is injected between every lapse in the conversation. And the much-admired daughter, leaning her cameo face on her beautiful white hand, smiles tolerantly in response to her mother's ejaculations. Being wise as well as fair, she knows that all mothers are likely to exaggerate their children's virtues and that to this rule her mother is certainly no exception!

This same mother manages to make herself a nuisance to visitors the moment her daughter has left the room. Rushing to the wardrobe trunk, she pulls out pictures and not only offers them for sale, but, unabashed by your reluctance to admire them, urges you to take them at special reduced prices. Only by a miracle of ingenuity is it possible to effect an escape.

Another mother of a famous daughter continually hovers over her youngster—to-day a mature *damselle* in her late thirties—for all the world like a big bird who will not let her little bird fly out of the nest. To her mother she is still a child. Mommer even insists upon picking worms for her fledgling. Very often they are skinny worms and not as nice as the angler's daughter would select were she allowed her own way in the matter. But

mama loves baby and baby loves mama. So everything is hunky-dory. Yet I imagine that even worm-picking, without the privilege of throwing back the bad ones, becomes rather a trial for daughter. I remember one afternoon when I was calling on her in her New York apartment. To my astonishment, I was ushered into a room furnished with the most atrocious rococo furniture.

"You don't like it?" the vivacious star inquired, seeing the dismay in my face.

"I—er—I——" I stammered uneasily, fearful of hurting her feelings.

She smiled. "My mother gave me this set," she said in dismissal of the subject.

As an exception to the watch-dog rule there is a very handsome back-stage mother with two talented daughters (playing leading rôles in Broadway productions) who seldom, if ever, interferes with her girls. I have always explained this gracious lack of vigilance by the fact that she has two daughters rather than a single famous child to guard and chaperon. Consequently less caution is exercised than in the cases where a single mama's darling is involved.

But the Argus-eyed mother is less disturbing than the vain, foolish mama who insists upon basking in the reflected glory of her daughter's art. One case like this, the mother of a charming musical-comedy miss, might very much more reasonably take her daughter's curtain calls upon the stage rather than assume the credit which she is always publicly attributing to herself. Not content to sing her own huzzas for her daughter's four-figure salary, she must dress like her child, bob her hair like her child and imitate her youngster's baby talk.

And yet of all the back-stage mothers, I am sorriest for this mother. Her child, she says, is doing what she always wanted to do. If she had not married, she would have been an actress too, just like her baby. It is only because she has been thwarted in her own ambitions that she finds happiness in so completely identifying herself with her child.

THEN, too, there is the managing mother. In the matter of contracts, especially if her child is very young, the managing mother performs outstanding service, providing she be a good business woman. There are times, of course, when she is inclined to overdo it and carry her officiousness into her daughter's private life. One mother I know whose daughter is a Broadway ingénue, a lovely, fair youngster and just seventeen, dominates her daughter to such an extent that she is scarcely permitted to open her mouth with-

(Continued on page 50)



National

W. C. FIELDS

"Not a word to the folks!" had been this veteran comedian's gag for ten years in the *Follies* until one night something popped in *Poppies* and he said it! Who, so well as he can tease oranges away from juggling plates, or shoot an eloquent mustache from a retiring nostril? Any wonder he was "pulled in" to the Movies



Apeda

FRANK TINNEY

As an explorer this comedian holds a unique place in American history. But as a lecturer who illustrates his story with colored slides Mr. Tinney furnishes the best and funniest reason on earth for the patronage of home products

(Below)
AL JOLSON

The greatest propagandist for motherhood. Al has also increased the traffic on the trains *Going South*, *Back to Dixie* and *Mammy* to such an extent that the Pennsylvania Railroad now vies with U. S. Steel in market value. What would Broadway be without Al? What would Al be without Broadway?



Vandamm



Strand

JAMES BARTON

Wonder where Mr. Ziegfeld's sense of humor was when he named his latest and most gorgeous effort *No Foolin'* and then put Jimmy Barton at the head of the class of principals?

KINGS OF COMEDY

Who have long reigned on Broadway by successfully humoring their subjects



White

GROUCHO
MARX

Take an old gag, a mustache made of stove blacking, a pair of glassless spectacles, and you have Groucho—the elder and leader of the Four Mad Marxes now cavorting hilariously through *The Cocoanuts*



Apeda

JULIUS TANNEN

If you've ever done anything to get your name or picture in the papers, keep away from the *Vanities*. Julius believes in that intimate touch and turns every performance into an Old Home Week Reunion, with you as a guest of honor

Stars of Piccadilly

Famous London Actresses That English Audiences Nightly Crowd to See

By H. M. WALBROOK

THERE is healthy significance in the fact that three of the actresses whom Londoners must crowd to see to-day and most genuinely admire have never been picture-postcard favorites. One of these is Lottie Venne. I don't know how old she is. Her name was certainly a familiar one long before picture-postcards were dreamed of. Forty years ago she was playing leading parts in the comedies and comediettas which preceded the burlesque at the old Gaiety in the days of Edward Terry and Nellie Farren. I cannot remember ever having seen a photograph of her exhibited for sale; but for years I have known the magnetism of the sight of her name in a playbill.

Lottie Venne is small of stature and was never a beauty, but the moment she steps on to the stage she commands the house. In her earlier days she could draw out the emotional stop as surely as any, and enrich a character with moments of irresistible feeling; but, as the years have rolled by, pure Farce has claimed her more and more. Given any sort of chance by her author, she is the funniest actress on the English stage. Given a line to speak which has the tiniest spark of comicality in it, she can make it glow like a flame. And all her effects are gained by an art of extreme delicacy. To see her play the part of a very vulgar and illiterate rich woman is to realize the finish of her method. She does not overdress such a figure as the average comic actress would, or make her face look ridiculous, or allow her accent to sound gross. She just plays the part sincerely, and makes all its comicality seem fundamental. Her voice and her whole way of speaking are rather fastidious than otherwise, and her face brims with life. I suppose she could look stupid if she had to, but I have never seen her do so. And what a delight to see her technique in operation—to mark the effect she can make with a pause, a glance, an inflection! Of many memories one in particular rises vividly before me as I write—her impersonation of the ineffable Mrs. Parker-Jennings in Somerset Maugham's comedy, *Jack Straw*. There was a scene in which somebody reminded her that she and her relatives dropped their h's; and never shall I forget the prolonged and universal roar of laughter which greeted her speech in reply, with its explosive culmination, "And if we do drop our h's, thank God we can afford to!"

ANOTHER warm London favorite, a charming artist as well known in America as in England, is Marie Tempest, who this year attains her sixtieth birthday. A well-trained singer with a beautiful voice, she first made her name in comic

opera, but during the past twenty-six years she has almost entirely devoted herself to comedy. She never looks more than a playful forty; her smile and her glance are roguery itself; and, by her art, her sense of the humorous, and her knowledge

that, in this respect at any rate, Marie Tempest steps on to the stage to please rather than to impersonate. Yet her triumph is that, even when one's reason says she is all wrong, one enjoys her as though she were all right. A good brain is probably the secret of her magic. In spite of the pretty clothes she is so fond of wearing, her appeal in comedy is pre-eminently an intellectual one, and one generally comes away from one of her performances feeling how much cleverer she is than the plays in which she appears.



Stage Photo Co.

Gladys Cooper is the most photographed actress in London. Crowds go to see her and she has enriched many a box-office mainly by being her pretty self on the stage. She is seen here as Mrs. Cheyney in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*

of life, she can make a comic speech sound doubly comic. Sitting under her spell, I can never decide how much of her success is personality and how much technique. She impresses one as incarnate mischief and incarnate wit. If I were to meet her in private life and find her talk and manner less pointed, her pause less thrilling and, last but not least, her costume less perfect, the shock would be staggering.

In one respect she is certainly less an artiste than Lottie Venne. She evidently has a deep-rooted objection to look other than fashionable in a rich way. In one of her most recent parts, that of Mrs. Bliss, the struggling author's wife in Noel Coward's comedy, *Hay Fever*, she wore a series of frocks and other matters such as no poor novelist's better half could frolic in without landing him in the Bankruptcy Court in twelve months; and I can only assume

THE third of my trio is Irene Vanburgh. I dare not say how many years it is since I first saw her in Barrie's skit on *Hedda Gabler* at Toole's Theatre, and as Bell Gollightly in *Walker, London*, on the same stage; but I know that since then she has played all sorts of brilliant and effective parts in London and made them seem more effective and brilliant than ever. The authors to whom she owes most are Pinero and Barrie. Who can forget the charm and alertness of her Sophie Fullgarney in *The Gay Lord Quex*, the wistfulness of her Nina Jesson in *His House in Order*, the bleak tragedy of her Zoë Blundell in *Mid-Channel*, or the utter fascination of her Lady Mary in *The Admirable Crichton*? She has done almost everything and done it well. Quite lately she returned to London after a long absence abroad on tour, to appear in a rather second-rate play called *All the King's Horses* and speedily showed that her acting had lost none of its beauty and her personality none of its charm, with the result that the ovation she received at the beginning of the evening, warm as it was, was nothing compared with the one she received at the end. She used to be a wonderful mimic; her sense of humor is as keen as a blade; and in Barrie's short play *Rosalind*, she gave a performance as dazzling as anything Ellen Terry herself ever did, taking the audience fairly by storm, and causing the curtain to be raised ten or a dozen times night after night while the house rang with cheers. But the most satisfying thing about her is that, with all her appreciation of the lighter side of life, and with a bright face apparently far more suited to comedy than to tragedy, she has played many a serious scene with a passionate energy almost as powerful and enthralling as that of any tragic actress of her time. She can play the *grande dame* to perfection. She can also, so fine is her versatility, play the *gamine* equally well. In short, in spite of being the daughter of a dignitary of the Church, she is a born actress. Her great stroke of luck lay in the fact that she

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Lenare

GWENDOLEN DAVIES

A delicate, wistful actress who played Tess of the D'Urbervilles so tenderly that, night after night, she had men and women all over the theatre crying like children



EDITH EVANS

A very clever, intelligent artiste whose name and abilities are held in great respect by the London theatregoing public



Lenare

ISABEL JEANS

A delightful impersonator of seventeenth and eighteenth-century heroines, who can also be quite exquisite in present-day comedy



Dover St. Studios

IRENE VANBURGH

With a face more suited to comedy than tragedy, this London favorite plays serious scenes with a passionate energy almost as powerful and enthralling as that of any tragic actress of her time



Vandamm

SIBYL THORNDYKE

A dignified, intellectual actress whose fine ambition in Greek tragedy and Shakespeare have won for her the gratitude of a vast section of English theatregoers



C. Harris, Ltd.

FAY COMPTON

This leading lady at the Haymarket Theatre, has a personality that can carry all before her. Her comeliness is a household word throughout Britain and draws tears as readily as provokes laughter.

WOMEN WHO ENRICH THE LONDON THEATRES
English actresses standing to-day at the head of their profession

How I Create My Bad Men

Famous Actor Analyzes the Psychology of Wicked Characters He Has Played

By HOLBROOK BLINN

SYMPATHY, sincerity, humor—of these are my bad men largely composed. These and a dash of good, a little virtue to leaven their vice. I am reminded, as I attempt this analysis of the bad men I have created, of what W. J. Ferguson, who has smiled his way through two generations of villainy, said:

"You make your villains so charming," remarked a playgoer. "They must be to charm the money out of your pocket," retorted the veteran actor.

It is a basic truth that the stage bad man must be able to inspire confidence. Would you who read this, trust the old-fashioned villain? Could you? Could anyone?

He was, he must be, a "black" man. His hair must be of raven hue. His eyes must match the jetlike shade of the darkest ink. He must leer. He must taunt his victims with a chuckle. He is no villain without that chuckle.

The late William E. Abingdon—a fine fellow and a jovial was "Billy"—played the traditional villain. "Billy" was black from smooth, shining hair to sleek black coat. He, too, leered. He, too, chuckled. An admirable actor, he played his villains according to the accepted pattern of villainy. One of his last engagements, before his tragic end, was in *The Yellow Ticket*. The stage villain with his weird "Ha! Ha!" was, like the red-haired Irishman, of fixed mould.

I swerved my course from the traditional villain in a play done by Charles Frohman, the name of which I have tried to recall but cannot doubtless because its life was so short. Frohman, who was my very good friend as well as manager, said when we returned from our disastrous tour, "I understand you brought about the wreck by making the villain so engaging. You diverted all the sympathy to him." "I had to gain sympathy for him to make his villainy endurable," I replied.

I WOULD shade the word sympathy a bit as one subdues the colors of a picture. I will modify it to understanding sympathy. We must understand a villain sufficiently, we must have enough sympathy with the motives for his acts, to impose restraint upon our impulse to murder him for his sins. There is something of the potential villain in all of us. Enough to cause us to understand him, provided he is not quite blackly written nor played. No one is wholly good nor wholly bad. Everyone of us is a blend of both. Upon that premise, that foundation, I have built my bad men into a degree of likableness. Characters develop out of human material. It is not human to be entirely revolting.

Consider the oil-rich Mexican, whom I have been playing in *The Dove*. He is, at least, generous. He has some delicacies, certain subtleties. Some one who has been in one of our audiences wrote me that it

was a mistake to withhold from him the girl he so coveted. "I believe she should have gone to his hacienda. I think the play should have been so written," writes this Occupant of an Orchestra Chair. "He would have been devoted to her. I should rather have seen her marry him than the young man who won her. He would have made her happier." I quote this to show



As the oil-rich Mexican in *The Dove*, Holbrook Blinn added another forcible stage character to his interesting gallery of bad men
(Caricature by Covarrubias)

that the Mexican, amorous, egotistical, cruel though he was, stirred sympathy and awoke understanding of what decencies existed in his strained character.

The fellow was the heart of liberality. He wanted to entertain all within sound of his voice or range of his eye. He had his own kind of subtlety. For instance, when he wanted to be alone with the girl of his admiration, he would have driven the others out with frowns and curses, had he been an old-fashioned villain. Being of the new fashion, he suavely sent them forth. If an old-fashioned villain, the hero would have been called forth by him to be tortured in view of the audience. The Mexican, by a whispered word, a graceful gesture, hints his fate.

My favorite of all the bad men of my and the author's creation was one who bore the title of the play. He was, indeed, *The Bad Man*. Again he was a Mexican. I pause here to say that I know next to nothing about Mexico. The claims that one visits a country to take on atmosphere is pure "bunk." I was gratified by a letter from a Mexican, saying: "As an American, you would have been charming. As a

Mexican, you are perfect." Yet acting is a centrifugal, not a centripetal force. It flings out from itself, instead of drawing into itself. It is the product almost wholly of insight. This favorite of mine was deeply villainous, but he was redeemed by his sense of humor.

Lovableness lurks at the root of humor. They liked the swaggering killer because he was mirthful. Too, he has chivalry of a sort. Had he been wholly bad, he would have been unbearable. As a blend he illustrates my point that a villain is in part bad and in part good.

Another of my collection of wicked ones was what was believed to be a portrait of "Fingey Connors," the so-called political boss of Buffalo, but was a composite of many political bosses. A vulgarian, but a man of powerful emotions, some of them fine. His coarseness was redeemed by his floods of tenderness and by his spirit of sacrifice.

Scan them to the end, the chain gang of villains that I have been permitted to round into life on the stage, and you will find in them all redeeming traits. The Bowery tough, for instance, in *Salvation Nell*. When in his arms cowered the girl he most wanted, her eyes, filled with horror, lifted to his face, he left her, saying: "If I must have you that way, I don't want you." In the cosmos of himself was a noble stratum. One fine enough and strong enough to move him to self-sacrifice.

Napoleon, as he was played in *The Duchess of Danzig*, had other traits than ruthlessness. To his former laundress he accorded humor and liberality. He had another redeeming trait, certainly in artistry. That is the light touch. Deftness, tact cover a multitude of sins.

In *The Cat and the Cherub*, in all of the category, I have foregone the "black" make-up, save for the two Mexicans. For them there must be dark eyes that roll and flash. Latin darkness of coloring, the rolling and flashing that are the lightnings of temperament.

A SCORE or so of years ago I played in London the rôle of a villain in a drama of Henry V. Esmond, *Sweet and Twenty*. The play, with Annie Miner, the lovely widow of Harry Miner, as the star, and William H. Thompson and Richard Bennett in the supporting company, was a failure here. It ran for a year in London. The villain in the play wins the heart of the girl. I determined to discard the traditions. I had to do so to make it plausible that the girl would care for him. He had to be engaging, else she would not have loved him but his good brother. Despite the century-honored method of the old Drury Lane, I made the fellow specious. I dropped the black make-up of the hoary-villain type. I gave him agreeable manners. I cast away the chortle of

(Continued on page 64)



Left to right: Mr. Vermilyea, Mr. Perkins, Mr. Brown, Frank Lyon. Terry (Mr. Brown) calls Hawkins' (Mr. Lyon) bluff when the latter represents himself as a distant cousin of Ann's in an attempt to steal her pearls



Left to right: Mr. Perkins, Carlotta Irwin, Mr. Brown. Andy (Mr. Perkins) and Terry (Mr. Brown) tell Betty (Miss Irwin) that they "are boy scouts and this is their good deed for to-day"



Left to right: George W. Barbier, Charles D. Brown, Osgood Perkins, Ethel Martin, Kathleen Comegys, Lavinia Shannon, Harold Vermilyea. Andy Barton (Mr. Perkins) asks Major Elling (Mr. Barbier) if he knows "these two antiques"

Photos by
Vandamm

"LOOSE ANKLES" A SUCCESS OF LAUGHTER AT THE BILTMORE
New play by Sam Janney an amusing comedy of dancing club amours

What I Think of the Theatre

"Theatre Magazine" Readers Give Their Frank Opinions of the Present-Day Stage

A GREAT AND HAPPY REVIVAL

BY SEYMOUR R. DE KOVEN

THE one salvation to the modern theatre as a dramatic institution lies in its continuing to heed the current vituperative and splenetic outbursts of the self-appointed uplifters, art (castrators) emasculators, and sentimental moralists, as much as it has in the past.

No rational student of the drama could really see any undue lack of morality or artistic enterprise in our modern theatre. What is the matter with it is precisely what has always been the matter with it and always will be the matter with it: whenever truth (which is realism) is sought on the stage, the clergy and other dramatic non-competents from Jeremy Collier, through Macaulay down to Brander Matthews are heard to bellow forth their indignation at the immorality of the theatre, and which eventually accomplishes nothing more than to crush individuality and add a host of admirers to the so-called lascivious drama who would never have dreamt of reading or seeing the play had not their attention been called to its lewdness by this pernicious advertising.

Slowly but surely a great and happy revival is taking place in our theatre and that is exactly the cause of all this otherwise unwarranted hullabaloo. The irremediable *status quo* mentioned above is having the same effect upon the theatre that it has always had; namely, to accentuate and intensify the immorality of the stage.

All great periods of suppression and restraint of liberty in society have always throughout history been followed by periods of unprecedented libertinism—where freedom runs rampant, and the drama, being merely a reflection of life, must necessarily subject itself to whatever stimuli social conditions engender. The Victorian period could not help but be followed by an age of social and artistic liberty, where art is not a question of morals but of art.

For the first time since the Restoration, which produced some of the greatest comedy if not the greatest comedy in English drama, the theatre has taken an atavistic tendency to revert to the "Comedy of Manners" seen through the modern eye, and although reams upon reams of sordid rottenness and putrid mediocrity are manifested in current theatrical productions, yet, if among all these, one great dramatist such as Eugene O'Neill can spring up to stare life in its face and record his honest impressions ruthlessly and fearlessly, then the modern theatre can be duly proud of its accomplishment and turns its thoughts only to facilitating the possibility of the arrival of more such powerful creators.

LET IT ALONE!

BY HENRY R. GOLDBERG

THE function of the playhouse has always been to entertain or instruct. And since pure instruction without entertainment sinks into sombre boredom, the question we should ask of every audience is: Are you enjoying yourself?

Never before in the history of the American theatre has so much criticism been directed against the stage. Some declare it too sordidly commercial, others that it is too nebulously futuristic, others that it is too lascivious, etc.

In this Symposium, which started in our issue for July, we have invited the opinions of people—not actors—whose reactions to the theatre as intelligent playgoers should be of special interest to our readers.

If you have any particular views on the subject, constructive or destructive, we shall be glad to print them, in a monograph not exceeding 500 words.

We are throwing this page open to the readers of THEATRE MAGAZINE. Your contributions are free to laud or condemn. Let them be unrestrained.

Now the word "enjoy" is capable of many interpretations, though fundamentally it means to please the senses. But there are a multitude of senses. There are the sense of morality, the sense of humor, the sense of justice, the sense of beauty, the sense of rhythm, and so on. What particular sense a member of the audience desires to delight depends both on the individual and on the mood.

For this reason, successful plays are of many types—laughable, such as *The Cocoanuts*; preaching, such as *The Enemy*; fanciful, such as *Great God Brown*; raucous, such as *Cradle Snatchers*. We have realistic, fantastic, or impressionistic plays in spasms, depending on the collected human psychology of the moment.

So you see it is a mistake to judge a play merely from the objective standpoint. You cannot consider a particular *piece* good or bad without regard to its audience. If it pleases the audience, it will live—it will be successful. If it is in bad taste, boring, or silly, let the audience condemn it. If *Abie's Irish Rose* has made millions happy, doesn't it deserve to be called a very good or very entertaining production? After all, it is what the Public wants, and each one of us is a constituent of the public.

A DELUGE OF TRASH

BY ARTHUR C. VICKERY

WHAT is wrong with the theatre? In certain quarters the answer is decidedly encouraging. We are having plays to-day which, when compared with those of yesterday, are far superior in their genuinely interesting character and generally clever observation. Such plays as *Loyalties*, *Anna Christie*, *The Swan*, *Rain* and *St. Joan*, to mention but a few, are not cause for gloom.

But there is a veritable deluge of trash, put on by a type of producer who instead of aiming to give the best, panders to what the public is said to want. That such a condition seems to be on the increase is plainly due to the very much lowered taste of the general public.

A public that consumes the mountainous piles of confession, true, western, love and like type magazines, crowds the cinemas showing their cheap and impossible films and cheers itself hoarse at the antics of some vaudeville loon, can hardly be expected to be of such calibre to appreciate a thoughtful drama, shot through with delicate satire or deft humor. No, they must be given the obvious, the inane and the inconsequential didos that make one wonder how such unmitigated nonsense ever saw production.

That the play offered for this type of playgoer seems to be having its effect on the audience is evident by its inability to comprehend what is going on, when, not having understood the title of a play, it gets by accident into a theatre where respectable drama is being presented. As a playgoer I can vouch for the fact that it is extremely difficult to endure such portions of the audience on these occasions and restrain from violence.

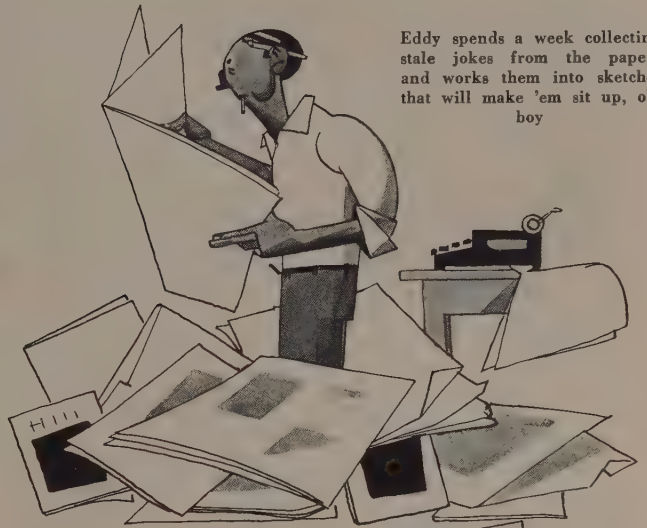
Among the changes noted to-day is the fact that the older playgoer is forming a rapidly diminishing portion of the audience and one wonders if it is possible to bring him to the theatre again. There must be many of them who would enjoy seeing fine plays again, but on frequent occasions when they have of late ventured into the theatre they have been compelled to pay high prices for drivel, often acted by players who either speak in an almost inaudible mumble or else rant and rave and compelled to sit with people they despise.

Let the banal triangle plays, the inane love affairs of adolescents, the intolerable sex plays that aim to be shocking but are merely shoddy and silly, the transparent mystery and yokel melodramas find their expression in the masterpieces of the movie impresarios. Free our theatre from the odium of being merely a feeder or tryout of such truck.

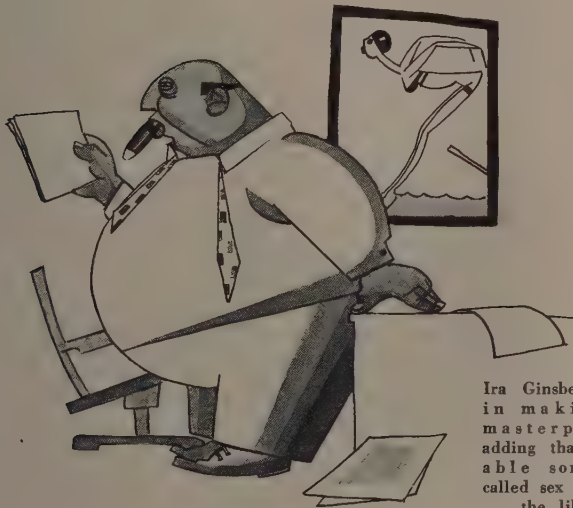
THE MAKING OF THE GREAT AMERICAN DRAMA



Eddy, the magnificent all-around comedian, has an Idea for a review. His girl friend has a sugar papa and everything is fine



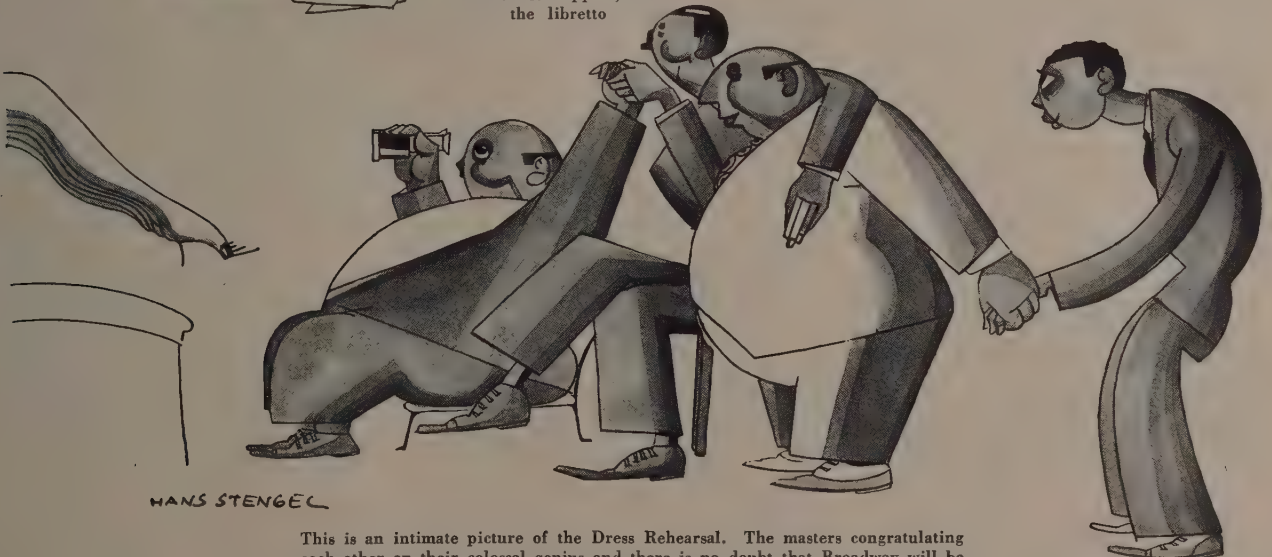
Eddy spends a week collecting stale jokes from the papers and works them into sketches that will make 'em sit up, oh, boy



Ira Ginsberg assists in making the masterpiece by adding that indefinable something, called sex appeal, to the libretto



The newly discovered musical genius, re-editing Chopin, Schubert and Schumann, composes some sure-fire wows



HANS STENGEL

This is an intimate picture of the Dress Rehearsal. The masters congratulating each other on their colossal genius and there is no doubt that Broadway will be aghast! However, if you don't go to Brooklyn openings you, dear reader, will never see the chef d'œuvre

Eddy sits up nights writing a revue but it gets no nearer to Broadway than Brooklyn

(Sketches by Hans Stengel)

Pomeroy's Past

A Comedy in Three Acts

by

CLARE KUMMER



THIS inconsequential but highly amusing comedy, which introduced the new producing firm of Boothe, Gleason and Truex to Broadway, attests their sagacity as theatrical managers. It caught on from the opening night, April 19, and at the present writing is still packing them in. Gleason and Truex, in addition to their managerial duties, are also playwrights and actors, the former being part author and actor in "Is Zat So?" while Truex staged and plays the leading rôle in the present comedy. He is ably assisted by a cast of exceptional talent, including Laura Hope Crews and Helen Chandler. The humor of the play, teetering on farce, is typical of Miss Kummer's dramatic style, which attains its effects with an insinuating subtlety that depends largely upon the actor's skill.

THE CAST

(As produced at the Longacre Theatre)

Mary Thorne	Helen Chandler
Edge	Montague Rutherford
Trebus Heminway, D.D.	Osgood Perkins
Amanda Chilton	Laura Hope Crews
Francesca	Marjorie Kummer
Pomeroy Chilton	Ernest Truex
Edward Marsh	Richard Barbee
Hilda Fortesque	Dorothy Peterson
Little Frances	Eleanor Frances Shaw
William Flynn	Harry Oldridge

ALL three acts take place in the living-room of Pomeroy's house. It is a handsomely furnished room, newly done over and decorated, and stamps its owner as comfortably well to do. There is a slightly florid touch in some of the appointments which bespeak a woman's hand. We are shortly introduced to this lady, who is Pomeroy's sister, a prim, precise woman, somewhat solidified with the inhibitions of an unmated middle age. Her maternal instincts have turned to the increasingly difficult task of mothering Pomeroy. Her advice and restrictions have followed him into manhood and successfully sidetracked various impending difficulties, including a matrimonial alliance with a young neighbor named Mary Thorne.

This latter interference has evidently not been entirely to Pomeroy's taste, although he has supinely submitted to it. Mary, in consequence, being an extremely proud young lady, has engaged herself to another youth by the name of Edward Marsh. This is the situation when the action introduces Pomeroy's first venture at self-assertion. He and Edward have been playing golf one afternoon, and being in the vicinity of the Holly Home Orphanage and with scores which detracted from their interest in pursuing the game further, have stopped off and adopted a couple of orphans.

His sister Amanda's reception of little Frances, age six, is slightly disquieting to Pomeroy. Vainly the latter pleads that his life is lonesome, that the big house rattles with its emptiness, that they are amply able to care for the child, but Amanda remains obdurate. Children are a nuisance, they cry at night and track mud on

the carpets. If she was their own flesh and blood it would be different, but to take a perfectly strange little waif—utterly impossible! Whereupon Pomeroy conceives the ruse upon which the plot of the play hangs. He wants to keep little Frances and he will, if necessary, lie nobly to do so.

POMEROY: Amanda, you have definitely decided you will not permit me to keep the child? . . . Then I must tell you something, Amanda. This feeling that you described, I have it!

AMANDA: You have it? Pomeroy, what are you talking about? What feeling? Which?

POMEROY: All of them that are necessary. Parenthood—kin—depravity.

AMANDA: Pomeroy, for pity's sake!

POMEROY: I wonder you didn't suspect it, Amanda. Here I have every mark of being a parent—and you never thought I might be one.

AMANDA: Speak softly, Pomeroy. You don't mean to tell me—seriously—anything so terrible. You don't mean to say—you don't mean to say—

POMEROY: That I am the father of the child.

AMANDA: The child? What child?

POMEROY: The child up-stairs. . . . Of course I couldn't feel the way I do about it unless it was mine. I do feel the way I do about it. It is mine!

AMANDA (*she stares at him helplessly*): Pomeroy!

POMEROY: Faint, Amanda; it's the best thing to do. (*Sits beside her on the sofa.*) I'll faint too.

Amanda is too shocked to faint. The terrible implications of what she has just heard demand every ounce of her mental resources. It is perfectly obvious, under the circumstances, that the child will have to remain. She summons Francesca, the sewing maid, and arranges for the latter to stay at the house nights until some more definite plan can be evolved. Little Frances is packed off to bed and Amanda turns to Pomeroy. Her voice is tense.

AMANDA: Pomeroy, I have sent for Dr. Heminway. . . . I feel the need of my pastor. But I don't know what to say to him when he comes. POMEROY: Why, say anything you like, Amanda. I think you're behaving splendidly. I never had the least idea you'd be so fine about my going to the dogs. And you look ten years

younger. I really ought to have gone before. AMANDA: Pomeroy, I want you to tell me just what happened.

POMEROY: Well, do you think there's time before dinner? Mary and Edward will be here any minute, you know.

AMANDA: Of course, it was the Summer you went up to Cornwall. After you had bronchitis. POMEROY: Yes. That's when it was. I still had a slight wheeze when I went.

AMANDA: It was beautiful weather. . . . It began to be warm and I put the things in the cedar chest early, for I had noticed a moth or two. I remember it distinctly.

POMEROY: Yes. There was a moth in the hotel in Cornwall, I remember. And the weather was very warm for May or June or whatever it was.

AMANDA: It was May. . . . I didn't hear from you for over a week. If I remember, you went up there on a Saturday—and you met— whoever it was, when, Pomeroy?

POMEROY: Why, I guess it must have been Sunday, Amanda.

AMANDA: And where did you meet her?

POMEROY: I met her—in church.

AMANDA: In church?

POMEROY: Well, not exactly in. I met her just outside. You know the way it is. On a beautiful Spring morning. I was saying, "I wonder whether to go in?" And she was saying, "I wonder whether to stay out." So we each thought the other spoke to us.

AMANDA: Well, I should think that would have ended it. . . . And didn't you go in?

POMEROY: No. We went for a walk in the fields. We gathered daisies—and sat under the trees talking of a thousand things.

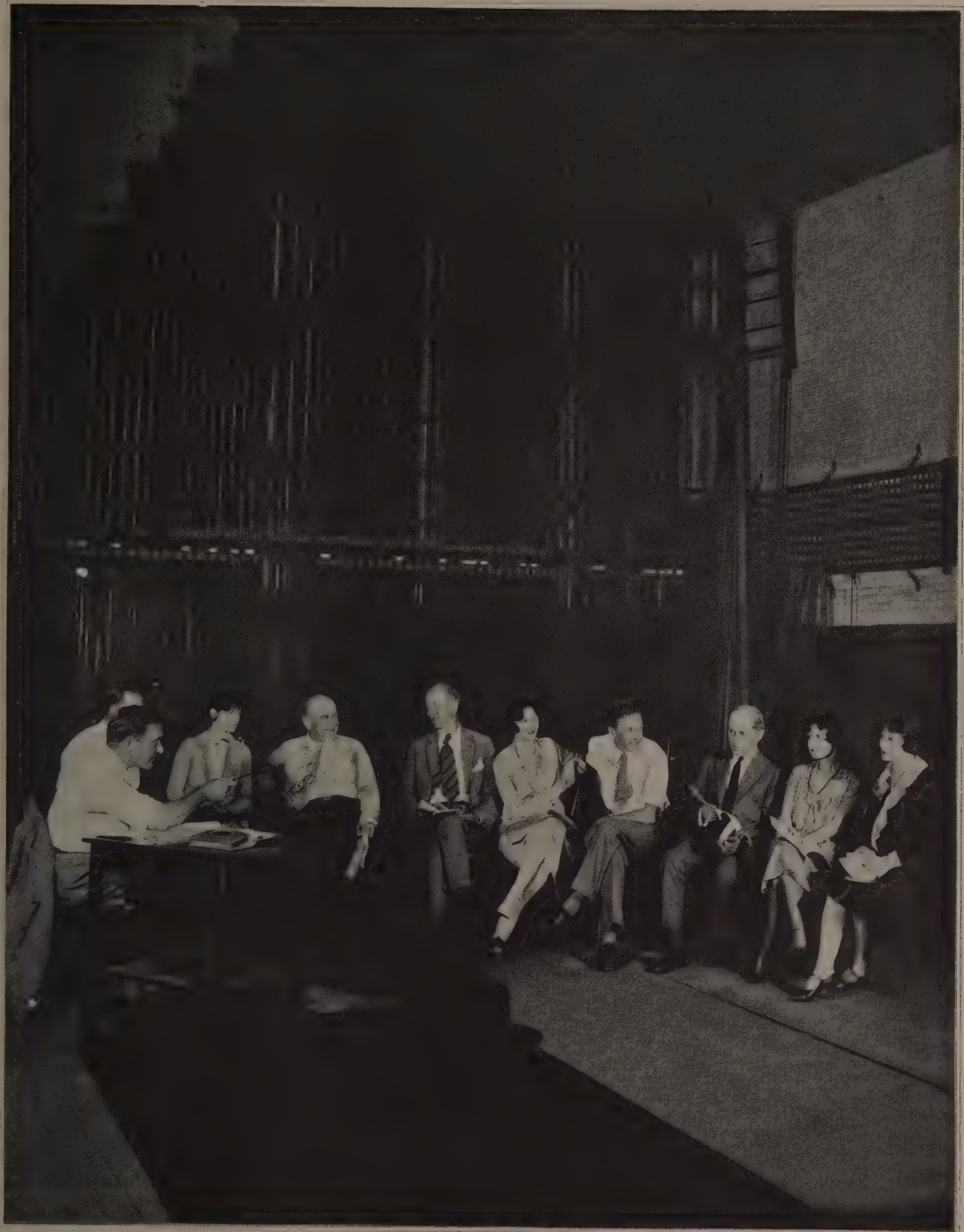
AMANDA: Pomeroy! And to think I knew nothing of it.

POMEROY: It doesn't seem possible. I was expecting you to come out from behind a tree every minute, Amanda.

AMANDA: I shouldn't think the daisies would have been out so early, Pomeroy.

POMEROY: Well, something was out. And we gathered it and wove it into wreaths, I remember.

AMANDA: I don't see what it could have been, unless it was dogwood.



NOT A SEANCE—THE FIRST READING OF A NEW PLAY

Edgar Selwyn, author of "The Adorable Linr," emphasizes the points of his latest piece to the members of the cast assembled on the stage of the Times Square Theatre. From left to right, Mr. Selwyn (at the table), Nelly Neil, Tom Wise, John Miltern, Dorothy Burgess, Eric Dressler, William B. Mack, Beatrice Blinn and Catharine Proctor

Picture taken exclusively for "Theatre Magazine" by Vandamm

POMEROY: Dogwood—that's just what it was.
AMANDA: And you were never introduced at all?

POMEROY: It was too late. It would have been silly for anyone to introduce us after we'd been weaving dogwood wreaths together all morning.
AMANDA: Pomeroy—did you—did you marry the girl?

POMEROY: Well, that's it, you see. She had advanced ideas—she objected to the Episcopalian service. . . . She was tired of it. She heard it so many times, it didn't mean anything to her. That's what she said.

AMANDA: But there was some sort of a ceremony?

POMEROY: Oh, yes—yes, indeed. We said a few words over each other.

AMANDA: Words? What sort of words?

POMEROY: Well, let's see—how does the marriage service go? "I take thee, Mary, to be my wedded wife."

AMANDA: Mary? Was her name Mary?

POMEROY: Oh, no. But they use Mary. It's the generally accepted name for the woman and John for the man.

AMANDA: You were married under the name of John, Pomeroy? It's certainly not legal in the least. Why didn't you write me, Pomeroy—before taking this rash step?

POMEROY: It's not done, Amanda. If people wrote letters about taking rash steps, they'd never take them. . . . And rash steps have to be taken.

They are interrupted by the arrival of Mary Thorne and Edward Marsh. Mary is quite radiant and very much excited over the recent adoption.

MARY: I stopped in on the way to, see Edward's child. It certainly is a darling. I think it's the most attractive thing I ever saw. (*To Pomeroy.*) If yours is half as pretty—

EDWARD (*interrupting*): It's exactly the same, I tell you. They're twins.

AMANDA (*glaring, horrified, at Pomeroy*): What's that you say, Mary? Edward? Twins!

EDWARD: Didn't you know?

POMEROY (*distractedly*): I forgot—I forgot—I forgot!

AMANDA (*severely*): How could you forget such a thing, Pomeroy? You're sure that Edward's child is the twin of—our child?

POMEROY: I'm afraid it is.

AMANDA (*pale but firm*): It is my belief that twins should not be separated. Edward's child must be brought here at once!

EDWARD: Why, Amanda! You're getting positively avaricious about children. Caroline would never listen to it.

AMANDA (*taking Mary by the arm*): Pomeroy, talk to Edward and say whatever is necessary. Come, Mary—we will go into the library while you lay off your things.

MARY: But Edward lives so near, Amanda. The children could see each other every day.

AMANDA: That has nothing to do with it, Mary. It isn't the children seeing each other that matters. It's others seeing the children and wondering why we cast off the boy and kept the girl.

Pomeroy is faced with the difficult task of explaining his fabrication to Edward, when Dr. Heminway comes in and he finds himself at a loss for words, except to elucidate the fact that Amanda insists upon having both children. After a due period of time Amanda

returns and is smilingly greeted by her pastor.

HEMINWAY: Amanda, my dear, it's splendid! I am perfectly delighted.

AMANDA: Are you? (*To Pomeroy.*) What have you told Dr. Heminway?

POMEROY: Just that the children are twins.

EDWARD: And that you want mine.

HEMINWAY: And I was just saying, Amanda—start with one.

AMANDA: I was perfectly willing to start with one—until I heard there were two. It's the twin of—of our child. We must have it.

HEMINWAY: You know all this, just as a sign of the times, enthusiasm over children is most encouraging.

AMANDA: There is nothing encouraging about it, Dr. Heminway. Why don't you say some-



White

Little Frances (Eleanor Frances Shaw) is very happy on the knee of her adopted papa (Ernest Truex), but Pomeroy's aunt (Laura Hope Crews) frowns on her brother's paternal yearnings

thing, Pomeroy? Why are you skulking there behind the curtains?

POMEROY: Skulking! Why, Amanda, I wouldn't know how to do such a thing.

AMANDA: Pomeroy, positively I would rather you told. Edward is your best friend, Dr. Heminway is our pastor. Tell them the truth, and then let us never breathe it again to anyone.

HEMINWAY: Amanda, do you feel quite well?

AMANDA: No—I'll tell them. The children are our own flesh and blood. (*She sinks to sofa.*) Now do you understand why we must have them both?

HEMINWAY (*shocked*): My God, Amanda! Do you mean that—the children—that you—

POMEROY: No! No! Mine! Both of them.

Mary Thorne returns to the room in time to hear some reference on the part of Dr. Heminway to the effect that Amanda should have let Pomeroy marry her to begin with. Heminway turns it off by asking why she has not been in church lately. Mary explains that the odor of the lilies on Easter Sunday made her so faint

that she is unable to attend church until about the first of October.

MARY: You know how it is, Dr. Heminway, on a beautiful Spring morning.

AMANDA: Why! What do you know about it, Mary?

MARY: Everybody knows. It's hard to go to church because the dogwood's coming out, I guess.

AMANDA: Dogwood?

Amanda's suspicions are rudely interrupted by the precipitate entrance of Francesca. She is so happy—how can she ever thank them?

FRANCESCA: I hear child calling—I go into room. How can I thank you! You have taken my baby—my little Francesca.

Amanda glares at Pomeroy. He retreats and she follows him. Mary congratulates the sewing maid on the good fortune that has brought her daughter into such a fine home.

AMANDA: Pomeroy? What is the meaning of it! Is she—the mother?

POMEROY: I haven't the slightest doubt of it.

The butler's announcement of dinner comes as a welcome reprieve, and after the others have passed into the dining-room Amanda calls Francesca to her. She is sorry to say that she knows all.

AMANDA: Why don't you believe in the Episcopal service?

FRANCESCA: I am Catholic.

AMANDA: Well, I am very high church—that doesn't seem so dreadful to me. You don't positively refuse to have a ceremony, Francesca?

FRANCESCA (*mystified*): I think it is ver' nice.

AMANDA: Now I don't know whose the fault was, but I am going to forgive you.

FRANCESCA: Yes?

AMANDA: Yes. We are going to forget the past inasmuch as we are able. My dear pastor, Dr. Heminway, is here, and he will, I am sure, help us to arrange a proper ceremony.

A few further words of advice and Amanda leaves to join the others. Pomeroy remains for some sort of explanation with Francesca.

POMEROY: You must have been surprised at what my sister said—

FRANCESCA: Your poor sister. She lost her mind.

POMEROY: No. Just—er—sit here and I'll tell you what's happened. You see—I am very fond of children. . . . Wait! In order to keep little Francesca, I said she was mine.

FRANCESCA: Yours?

POMEROY: Yes, I said I was her father. Then you came in and said you were her mother—so that makes us—quite closely related.

FRANCESCA: You the father—I the mother—and we only meet this afternoon. That is very quick family. It is very funny—don't you think?

POMEROY: Well—I guess it is— By the way, who was the father? An Italian, of course?

Francesca thereupon explains that the father is Irish and that he is still very much alive, although divorced. He was also apparently a true fighting Irishman, given to the throwing of dishes and unseemly vehemence in speech. Pomeroy contemplates this angle of the matter at some length. Presently a satisfied grin spreads over his lips.

POMEROY: You're free, Francesca? And you
(Continued on page 54)



A premature "Hen Party." A brood of four theatrical "chicks" who burst through Broadway's shell with charm, talent and real ability; Florence Johns, Claiborne Foster, Helen Hayes and Queenie Smith



Talbot

White

Clare Kummer, who has some 25 plays to her credit—and her daughter Marjorie (Mrs. Roland Young) demonstrate in *Pomeroy's Past* it is all play for the daughter when the mother writes



White

Under showers of lilies, orchids, orange blossoms and tulips Ouida Bergère and Basil Rathbone became Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone



Strauss Peyton

Slightly different from *The Shanghai Gesture* is this one. Florence Reed insists that her husband, Malcolm Williams, to whose directing she clings, taught her all she knows about acting



W. H. Langley

The original "Old Soak" thought he could ward off stage fright by first peeking behind stage. Don Marquis played this rôle with the Lakewood Stock Company, of Skowhegan, Maine, the unique backwoods organization, of which Arthur Byron is leading man

"THEY ARE MORTALS, AFTER ALL"

Stage notabilities all playing the same simple rôles of life

Eugene O'Neill in the Ascendant

"Theatre Magazine" Reader Makes a Forcible Reply to Mr. St. John Ervine's Critique

By FRANK H. FREED

In THEATRE MAGAZINE for May last Mr. St. John Ervine, the well-known London critic, reviewed the plays of Eugene O'Neill under the title "Is O'Neill's Power in Decline?" the Englishman arguing that the American's more recent plays show a falling off in poetic quality. It is only fair to our premier playwright that opportunity should be given for the expression of other points of view. The accompanying article by Mr. Frank Freed, of Harvard, will be read with interest.—EDITOR.

IN a recent critique, in which he asserts Eugene O'Neill's power to be in decline, Mr. St. John Ervine brought forth arguments which not only fail to be pertinent to modern ideas on dramatic values, but which also have that quality most avoided by Mr. O'Neill himself—superficiality.

The English critic's appreciation, or rather lack of appreciation, of the American dramatist seems to be built up on two basic premises: first, that all truly great drama must deal with persons of either high rank or some importance, and, second, that every play, no matter how photographic, should contain at least one lyrical summons to a higher order of things.

The former, of course, is a direct heritage from Aristotle, who, though no doubt an excellent philosopher, has been found wanting in those deeper powers of penetration necessary to the successful dramatic critic. The belief that great emotions—great love, great despair and great hate cannot be portrayed in the lower social orders, but are confined to emperors, kings, queens, dukes, senators and the like was a precept with Shakespeare and the Elizabethans, and was followed to a great extent, being encouraged by royal patronage during the Restoration. However, it is a belief which embodies, as Mr. Ervine admits, the very antithesis of O'Neill's outlook: "I imagine that educated people, especially those of them with cultured pretensions, profoundly bore him."

THEN why say that one cannot become interested in Ella Downey of *All God's Chillun* because she is worthless? How is it possible to estimate the work of a man who believes that the truly intense stuff of human life is to be found among the derelicts, according to a rule which says that it can be found only in "Burke's Peerage"? Mr. Ervine also hints that suffering is not dramatically effective unless it is unjustified. Speaking of the same Ella Downey, he says: "Her sufferings do not impress me because they are not the result of her sense of ostracism but of a naturally mean nature." Then the plot is not in itself particularly appetizing to very proper and very reserved tastes, but O'Neill saw the possibilities of a powerful and, what may be believed, not uncommon situation. In realizing these possibilities, he has presented vicious, primitive traits in both black and white, universal traits possessed by high and low, and *All God's Chillun* becomes metamorphosed into a document of race problems.

The critic's comments on the technical

faults of the play seem to be in the main well founded. Perhaps too many minor characters are brought in for the purpose of the moment and are then forgotten. It is difficult to set hard and fast rules on this subject. When a character is of sufficient importance for his or her personality to add materially to the fabric of the play, all



In this striking, if none too flattering, sketch of the dramatist Gombarg, the Russian caricaturist, has caught the sombre note that is the dominant mood of most of Eugene O'Neill's work

significant actions, prior to and subsequent to his actual appearance, must be regarded. True, in the case of Jim's mother and sister, the dismissal is too abrupt. They have appeared strongly enough in the play to definitely color it. An instance of the extreme converse of this sort of thing may be seen in Theodore Dreiser's *The Hand of the Potter*. The most moving and most magnificent passage of the play, the monologue which expresses the ideas about which the play is built, is put into the mouth of a reporter who does not appear, and is not mentioned, until the last act—a character whose words cannot possibly have any vital force with the audience or reader. The result is that, in this last act, the reader begins to feel himself in the rôle of dutiful pupil before the exalted figure of Dreiser, himself, on a high platform and beautifully attired in cap, gown and pointer.

Mr. Ervine finds *Desire Under the Elms* to be a lamentable piece; he deplores its pessimistic brutality and its lack of spiritual uplift. Incest is acceptable enough as a motif provided that it is clothed in the sublime seriousness of an *Cedipus*. When

it is treated in a naturalistic or in a realistic manner, the cast is taken away to jail. Thus, unconsciously, do the authorities of Los Angeles uphold Mr. Ervine's theories of æsthetics. To condemn a play because its morally objective content is not edifying or because it is devoid throughout of a single ray of celestial light is to open the way for grave questionings as to the literary acceptability of either Ibsen or Gorky, Hardy or Chekhov. Furthermore, any lingering doubts as to the superiority of Tolstoi to Dostoevsky are instantly dispelled. Flowers must not only blush to be seen, but their sweetness must be taken home and their fragrance emulated.

WHEN the O'Neill enthusiast comes to consider *The Fountain*, he will pause, if he is the right kind of enthusiast, to realize that, in this work, there are almost as many things that the dramatist will have to live down as there are genuine seeds of future promise. Even for a writer of O'Neill's acknowledged insight into the disillusioning realities, a discouragingly large number of the old sentimentalities is present. *The Fountain* opens with an unconvincing picture of the "ultra" cavaliers of renaissance Granada, and the first three scenes are somewhat notable for an insufficiency of dramatic threads. The old mid-seventeenth-century conception of the innate nobility of soul among savage or uncivilized peoples is brought back to life in the person of Nano, the captive Indian chief, who, in Scene VII, is inspired to say to his fellow tribesmen (speaking of the whites): "Their God is a thing of earth! . . . They see only things, not the spirit behind things!" Through it all, Juan Ponce de Leon stalks, in the manner of a sort of superannuated Cyrano, murmuring over the past glories of his youth—in love with the daughter of his lost lady of twenty years before.

O'Neill, in stepping from the substantial ground-rock of a well-understood realism up to the higher levels of expression, has thus inadvertently slipped into some of the eternal and ever-present morasses. There are elements of firmness in his foothold, however, which give assurance of future power and stability. Nevertheless, *The Fountain* remains an anomaly. Written after *The Great God Brown*, its subject matter, the people with whom it deals, the very background against which it progresses, are too far removed from Eugene O'Neill's former theatre to be taken up with immediate success. It definitely marks a period of transition from the dramatically striking plays of the slums and the

(Continued on page 64)



Photo by Albin

MADGE BELLAMY

Fox Film star, featured in "Summer Bachelors," adapted from Warner Fabian's story and directed by Allan Dwan. The story, based on philandering married men who indulge their whims when their wives go away in the summer-time, is enacted in playgrounds of the wealthy at Newport, Southampton and New York

Mirrors of Stageland

Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures

By THE LADY WITH THE LORGNETTE



DUDLEY DIGGES

I LIKE to see Dudley Digges walk upon the stage to play a part or sit in the third seat in the orchestra to direct a rehearsal. He hasn't been in either spot five minutes before it is evi-

dent that he knows what he is about. It is pleasant and illuminating to watch a master craftsman at work.

Actors like to be directed by him because he knows how to act. If the leading woman does not understand how much of ardor to put into her love scene at the climax of the play, he jumps upon the stage and plays it himself with the smiling leading man. Yet never in a way to offend the most up-stage leading lady.

He is an understanding man because there has been a good deal for him to understand. For instance, when he came here, a young buckaroo, allured by the World's Fair at St. Louis. He was an Irish actor of considerable experience, he said, both amateur and professional. For he had played with the original group of Irish players at Dublin. The management of the dramatic offerings at the World's Fair did not like his representations of Hibernian characters. The current concept of such a character was of a red-haired Hooligan. Dudley Digges played the man from Ireland's soil as he is. He was dismissed for his pains and his subtlety.

He came to New York, denied his urge to go back to the so green isle, accepted, nay, sought and found a job as a salesman with a clothing firm. A reason for this is that he had married one Maire, a lovely, gray-eyed colleen, who had come across the sea with the company of players of whom he was one. He was of no mind to admit that, instead of making a conquest of the strange land, it had conquered him.

While he worked at the clothing store by day, he stayed about the theatres at night. "Just stuck around," he said. "And stuck around."

It was Arnold Daly who gave him a hearing. Mr. Digges read two parts in plays in which Mr. Daly was appearing, but his reading did not please the star. It was characteristic of Dudley Digges that he did not abandon the stage door. He still "stuck around and stuck around." Mr. Daly, observing that the actor displayed the cleaving qualities of a postage stamp, asked, "How much can you live on?" "Maire and I need twenty-five dollars a week." "All right," said Mr. Daly, "I'll pay you that. Stay around and I'll use your services whenever there is a part suitable for you."

The Irish actor gratefully accepted his

retainer. Hits occurred. From that stepping-stone he went to Mrs. Fiske in *The New York Idea*. Through that association he went to George Arliss as stage manager. Back to the Garrick Theatre, where he had patiently "stuck around and stuck around" to play one of the greatest parts he has created, that of the coward in *John Ferguson*. That is one of the Digges characteristics, infinite patience.

Also a persistent belief in what he believes. What he knows he knows. While he allows an actor plenty of time in which to explain his view of a reading or a character, if he thinks he is wrong the stage director of the Actors' Theatre never recedes from his stand. That is the reason why one of the most brilliant actresses who has played with the organization said of him: "He is a dear. And so delightfully, mildly mulish."

Mr. Digges and his gray-eyed colleen, Maire, live in one of the Sailor Snug Harbor apartments on Ninth Street in the simple, tasteful background of quiet, bookish folk. There they enjoy books, pictures and a few chosen friends.

The Dudley Digges do not fare to London nor Paris for their vacations. They seek for Summer rest the actor colonies at Siasconsett or Woodstock.

At Woodstock they took on, though reluctantly, another member of their household. A brown mongrel, with intelligent eyes and a woeful lack of morals, adopted the pair. She refused to be parted from them. At the railway station she shed real tears as she saw her friends step aboard the train. Seeing which, Mr. Digges stepped off and carried her aboard and bestowed her in the baggage-car. Discussions of a fitting name for the determined addition to their ménage were fruitless until Mr. and Mrs. Digges witnessed the drama, *Rain*. Then did the moralless mongrel gain a name. It was "Sadie Thompson."

WILLIAM J. HURLBUT

HM! See the tall man going down the aisle? That he is the tallest man in the theatre by four inches, I'll wager you a pair of those new gloves with the flaring colored cuffs from Paris. A serious-faced blonde. "The darning-needle man," a saucy actress rehearsing one of his plays called him. The tallest man and the slimmest that ever wrote a scene.

Too, one of the most daring. If you asked: "Who wrote *The Lilies of the Field*?" William J. Hurlbut would arise and coolly answer, "I did."

Billy Hurlbut is always writing plays when he isn't conducting shrewd transactions in real estate. He owns an apartment house in the Forties. Occupies the top floor, luxurious with orange tapestry and golden-brown rugs, himself. If the

agent isn't about, he does not disdain showing the apartments to callers. Showed me some. Nicely arranged. Good taste. No one dare accuse Billy of bad taste except in two or three of his plays.

Have you any memories of "New York"? Odoriferous, that. The big situation was one that arose when a father and son were attracted by the same woman. Novel, though, and strongly written. Too strongly, the critics and the public thought.

He was a very serious and well-meaning young man when he began writing plays. He wrote *The Handwriting on the Wall* and playgoers thought he was a Socialist. He wrote *A Fighting Hope* and was still serious. Began to show his caustic lining in *A Strange Woman* and grew frivolous in *Miss Fix It*. His latest perpetration is *The Shortest Way Home*.

He's a bachelor orphan. Know the kind? Not married and still misses his mother and father. I've heard that his state, the bachelorhood, is due to an incident that alienated him for all time from womankind. Save his indifferent meetings with petticoated mimes who appear in his plays.

The incident was a chat at dinner at the late and exceedingly lamented Browne's Chop House. He and the leading man were discussing the play and its beauteous chief player.

"Did she ever tell you she loves you?" asked the leading man.

"I—er—" The young blond dramatist stared at his knife and blushed.

"All bunk if she did," said the leading man. "Said that to me yesterday. It's a stock phrase of hers. Thought I'd tell you."

The beauteous leading woman has married others.

Billy lives in bachelor quarters. A fairly contented person as most persons who possess a vein of keen common sense are. He has saved it out of the wreck of experience. I saw him talking with two possible prospective tenants of one of his apartments. He was teasing them at the Stage Door Inn.

The trio was being waited upon by a peach-cheeked, limpid-eyed beauty in a Carmen costume. You know. One of the girls who was out of stage employment and worked as a waitress until an engagement offered in that intriguing institution.

"Shall I leave a tip for her?" inquired Billy.

"No," said one of the possible tenants. "She is a gentlewoman. You must never offer a tip to one of her class."

(Continued on page 62)





Vandamm

Arline Blackburn, in the *Bride of the Lamb*, is so unmindful of an audience that she does not suggest "acting"



White

Eleanor Frances Shaw, the first time on the stage, was not coached, but permitted by Ernest Truex to recite her lines as she understood them in *Pomeroy's Past*. "How natural!" is the public's comment



Sylvia Sidney, whose wistful eyes and soft tone helped her to make a most charming *Prunella* for the Theatre Guild. Secret—some say Sylvia shall be seen on the screen



De Mirgian

Tom Brown, who is "J. B. P." in *Is Zat So?* seems to offer two fists to anyone who states anything

Apeda

Edwin Phillips is the feller that put the wisdom in *The Wisdom Tooth*. He's the Skeeter that keeps biting at Thomas Mitchell—to go on



Vandamm

STARLETS

That promise to grow into brighter lights



By L'Homme Qui Sait

EARL CARROLL is quite apparently one of those gentlemen whose heroic motto is "Never say die." In spite of the fact that the United States Government has severed its friendly relations with the producer, he has gone right ahead and invested his time, energy and money in a gigantic production. Perhaps the "Earl" of Broadway is thinking of the day when he shall return to his "estates" and find that the show-girls of his last *Vanities* in all their nudity have not deserted him and that Dave in the box-office still keeps the S. R. O. burning.

TALKING of cabbages and kings and things theatrical, WILLIAM BRADY is likely to be the Czar whose judgment will be final in disputes arising between the managers and the playwrights. * * * His daughter ALICE, formerly "Bride of the Lamb," will be attached to WILLIAM HARRIS, JR., in *Sour Grapes*. * * * FAY BAINTER is temporarily separated from William Harris, Jr., her manager, ever since she was a Ming Toy. * * * MORAN and MACK, the funniest black birds since the days of the late WILLIAMS and WALKER, are sojourning in a play in Atlantic City. * * * TED HEALEY is a KEITH-ALBEE master of ceremonies. * * * FLORENCE JOHNS, star of *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em*, opens in Chicago at the La Salle Theatre. * * * MORRIS GREEN, one of the Bohemians, tried out a play called *The Squal* with the HOWARD LINDSEY stock company in Skowhegan, Me. * * * BROCK PEMBERTON goes back to the good old hit days, with a play called *Loose Ankles*, when *Enter, Madam*, kept the speculators busy. * * * FRANK CONROY has been cast for a part in *Sour Grapes*. * * * The prolific VINCENT LAWRENCE has a new play under his arm. * * * GEORGE WHITE, surrounded by his lieutenants, G. B. DeSYLVA, LOU BROWN, BILLY WELLS, is preparing the next *Scandals*. * * * IRA GERSHWIN, brother of GEORGE and collaborator with him in many musical shows, has been operated upon for his appendix. * * * DICK BENNETT has been sold down the river, which makes the Bennett family a movie trinity, for CONSTANCE and BARBARA are already children of the cinema.

SAM JANNEY, who wrote *Loose Ankles*, which is giving Broadway a lot of laughs, is the same Sam who for years read plays for WILLIAM HARRIS, JR. In a pinch, Sam acted, managed the front or the back of the house, wrote dialogue; in fact, he could do anything in the theatre but predict a "hit." Now he has done the next best thing—he has written one.

IF at first you don't succeed, write, rewrite, recast and rehearse is a paraphrase of the old adage which is well for the manager to keep over his bed next to "God bless our little home." *Americana*, which came to New York loaded down with bad reports from the "gang" that rushes into the provinces for a queer thrill which comes with getting in the first knock, is a sell-out. Many a speculator who failed to stack his tills with the "billet Americana" is now greeting MR. HERNDON enthusiastically and assuring Dick that he is a great producer.

WHEN the trees in apple orchards with fruits are bending down, the SHUBERTS take a valiant stand and issue the strict command, "They shall not pass." During the Summer months, orchestra patrons rub shoulders with the LEBLANG aristocracy or the "pass brigade," but with the cool weather comes the dawn.

WHAT will become of the score or more of plays which are rapping furiously at the Broadway gates? The scouts of the theatre owners keep a critical eye on these young ones who wander about in the "sticks." Only those favored by these advance critics can move their dramatic bodies into New York. The others, alas, may wander about in the wilderness and pathetically lament the fact that the plays of man have not where to lay their heads, or weary of being outcasts, lie down in Kane's storehouse, unwept, unhonored and unsung.

BLACK VELVET, tried out in Great Neck and mercilessly slashed by that wise and gay colony of connoisseurs, is doing a capacity business in Chicago at the Playhouse, which again proves that the brilliant list of fifty-five and one-hundred-dollar first-nighters are better judges of a "Reuben special" than they are of the chances of a dramatic opus.

THE Playhouse, which is harboring *Black Velvet*, has recently been acquired by L. M. SIMMONS and JOHN TUERK. These two gentlemen are spending most of the day congratulating each other upon their lucky buy, for the receipts from *Black Velvet* are mounting ever higher and higher, and their share in the income at the box-office is plenty.

IN rehearsal halls and theatres the following plays are being drilled into marching order and formation so that they may pass most efficiently in parade and receive the rewards of the first order of royal greenback: *Honeymoon Lane*, A. L. Erlanger; *She Couldn't Say No*, A. and R. Ryskind; *Happy Go Lucky*, A. L. Erlanger; *My Girl*, Hurdig and Andrews; *Criss-Cross*, Charles Dillingham; *Sisters Three*, Sam H. Harris; *Thirty-nine East*, Rachel Crothers; *Maybe I Will*, Charles K. Gordon; *It Takes a Thief*, Selwyn; *Woman Disputed Among Men*, A. H. Woods; *The Ramblers*, Philip Goodman.

ENGLAND'S sons have given up lecturing us and have taken to sending us manuscripts, some good and some indifferent. Next season the delightful MR. LONSDALE will show us his new piece, and that strange young man whose inhibitions and complexes work themselves up into plays—MR. COWARD—will try to interest us again in our spiritual decay. By the way, what has happened to that splendid publicity man, MR. MICHAEL ARLEN? He isn't, let us hope, high-green-hatting us.

THERE is as much of the stuff from which heroes are made on Broadway and in the theatrical profession as one could find anywhere. CLARENCE DERWENT, a splendid actor, had faith. Faith, a play and a little savings. He bought the play, *The House of Usher*, with his savings. The Summer came, with it hot weather and small audiences; the play is now running at a loss. It has been, ever since it opened. The funds are low, but the faith is greater than ever. "Winter will come. People will go into the theatre. They will like my play." Such is the faith of Broadway. Such is the very breath of the theatre. Without it nothing would be ventured. Here is drama.

ED DURAND, scion of a noble family, who felt the call of the theatre and left all behind to play in it, came to this country from France. He worked and hoped. By degrees he became known as an excellent character man. The other day in Stamford, Durand fell before the footlights, the victim of a stroke. The curtain was lowered and he was taken to a hospital, where he died. I knew Eddie, and I am certain that his death in front of the footlights and behind the proscenium arch pleased the incorrigible thespian soul of my friend and gave it the consolation which comes with work well done and accomplished.

ARTHUR HOPKINS has broken his Sphinx-like silence with regard to the new American opera by FRANK HARLING and LAWRENCE STALLINGS, entitled *Deep River*. I can recall a Frank Harling hidden away in a garret in Greenwich Village, trying to do the greater and finer things and forced from time to time to try his hand at the music for a popular song. Perhaps Frank will remember the day when he and Conroy attempted to conquer Broadway via Tin Pan Alley, and now Frank Harling is perhaps the most interesting young musician and composer in America. October 4, at the Imperial Theatre, will tell a story of success gained through hardship and striving.

MARCUS LOEW received two kisses the other day and a reward of the Legion of Honor. Mr. Loew's activities in France, where he affiliated his company with that of the Gaumont Theatre chain, brought him this honor from the French Government.

SCREENLAND

Edited by

SYLVIA B. GOLDEN



Autrey

Kathryn Perry subtly wields *Woman Power*, the Fox comedy-drama based on Harold McGrath's story, *You Can't Always Tell*

From Our Portrait Gallery



Chidnoff

Billie Dove convinces one there is much in a name. She is playing the leading rôle in *The Sensation Seekers*, a Universal production



Ruth Harriet Louise



Joseph Schildkraut, cast as Judas Iscariot in Cecil De Mille's *King of Kings*, a pictorial version of the life of Christ

Lionel Barrymore dotes on sea stories. He is superb in *The Mysterious Island*, an adaptation from Jules Verne's book, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture

REEL-ISMS

A GOOD director must be a clever strategist! Instead of the usual "easy-chair" method Paul Sloane, directing Vera Reynolds in *Corporal Kate* for Cecil De Mille, mounted a horse, and with megaphone in one hand, the reins in the other, secured some exceptional shots with well-defined action of several companies of infantry, a machine-gun company and a company of heavy artillery. Someone wants to see him direct *Seven Leagues Under the Sea*.

GEORGE McMANUS, cartoonist creator of *The Newlyweds and Their Baby*, has injected life into the series for the Universal Films. "Snookums," the little toothless "da dader," is on a yachting trip with his parents—and his tummy permitting, will begin performing his little pranks soon.

DISCOVERED: A lady with long tresses. Because Olive Borden resisted the subtle clippers of enticing coiffeurs, Fox Films crowned her long, black tresses with a star—illuminating *The Country Beyond*. Other lights in the cast are J. Farrell MacDonald, Ralph Graves, Evelyn Selbie and Lawford Davidson.

W. C. FIELDS discovers a new way to draw a crowd. Get a cut-away checked suit, don it, seat yourself in a Ford car—and ride to the duller street in Brooklyn. Get out. Take your hammer and strike the wind-shield. Hit it hard. Harder. That's what Fields did, until a middle-aged woman walked over to him and said: "Wonderful glass—I must get some of that kind for my car." She didn't know the hammer was made of rubber for Paramount's *So's Your Old Man*.

JUST after completing her work in *Forever After*, on the First National lot in Burbank, Cal., Mary Astor announced her engagement to Irving Asher, film executive. A rare sense of the eternal fitness of things is another virtue of this beautiful star.

IF you want to know whether there is any difference between American pirate boots and Russian dress boots—Douglas Fairbanks will soon tell you. According to Joseph Schenck, who is going to invest \$5,000,000 in Russia's film industry, it will not be long before Doug will don "sapog."

GUSTAF ADOLPHE, Crown Prince of Sweden, turns movie photographer. After a recent luncheon, given by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation to the Crown Prince and Princess, Mr. Louis B. Mayer presented his guests with a camera to film the remainder of

his American tour. Lon Chaney added his personal instructions in its manipulation and Mae Murray, Greta Garbo, Lillian Gish, Ramon and others—furnished the inspiration.

MARIE PREVOST, of Cecil De Mille, includes among her pets (in addition to a husband) one St. Bernard dog, one German police dog, two Persian cats, one Scottish terrier, two Cairn terriers, two wire-haired fox-terriers and a drove of goldfish—and has some very special message to deliver in her latest Cecil De Mille production, *For Wives Only*.



Ames & Norr, Inc.

"MOVIE STARS TURN TO PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT!" HORRORS, NO! THIS IS WHAT PARIS CALLS BAIN DE CHAMPAGNE

Hollywood imported the latest Paris version of the Champagne Bath—Bain de Champagne—at the swimming fest which marked the opening of Ruth Clifford's new bathing pool recently. This picture shows champagne—distilled from flowers instead of grapes—being poured into the water for the bath of beauty. Movie stars, from left to right, are Patsy Ruth Miller, Helen Ferguson, Laura La Plante, Gertrude Olmsted and Ruth Clifford

AND more of Russia! Count Ilya Tolstoy, son of the late Russian novelist, author of *Resurrection*, has entered the motion-picture business. The sixty-two-year-old son of Russia's literary giant will assist in writing the film scenario of *Resurrection* and help in titling the film when produced.

ET Gloria Swanson, too! now one of the few women producers of films, is reading Russian history these days, for she has just bought *The Woman's Battalion of Death*, an original story by Lenore J. Coffee, to be filmed for United Artists' release.

RICHARD BARTHELMLESS has thrown off his plumage in *The Four Feathers* and gone back to farmyard life for Inspiration Pictures as *The White Black Sheep*, an original screen story especially written for BarthelMESS by Violet E. Powell, to be directed by Sidney Olcott.

J. G. BACHMAN, after steeping himself in *Dancing Days*, a Preferred picture, was inspired to disclose Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' *Shameful Behavior*. This gives a new angle to the younger generation theme, adapted by George Scarborough, author of *The Sun Daughter*.

WHEN one seed proves productive, there is no reason why another of the same family should not. Violet La Plante, sister of Universal's clever blonde comédienne, Laura La Plante, blossoms forth in *The Haunted Homestead*, in the leading feminine rôle, opposite Fred Gilman.

AFEW years ago—in the cloak-and-suit business—an employer was showing some stockholders through his plant. They saw a young man on the third floor doing impersonations on a counter, with all the hired help standing around in great admiration. "You're too funny for this business," was one comment. The performer thought so too. That's how the cloak-and-suit business lost Eddie Cantor—then musical comedy and now the Famous Players found him.

"I GOT my start as an actress because I didn't know how hard it was," says Dorothy Sebastian, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation star. She came to New York from Alabama to take a business course here—in addition, took athletic dancing. There was talk among the girls of this show and that. *George White's Scandals!* Miss Sebastian went straight to it. A small man approached her. "I want George White." He said he was Mr. White. "Be yourself," Dorothy ordered. "Step in line and show me who you are," he returned. She did—and held the job. Dolores and Helene Costello and Louise Brooks were in that same chorus.

FAMOUS musical-comedy star fell for the movies! Blanche Ring made her début in motion pictures by falling over backwards on a railroad station platform at Ocala, Fla., scoring one point in Paramount's *It's the Old Army Game*.

BEBE DANIELS learned for the first time to-day that she is engaged to marry nobility. Someone told her that Charlie Paddock, the "world's fastest human," to whom she has announced her engagement, was knighted at Paris in 1919, after the Inter-allied games, by the then King of Montenegro. Cinderella Bebe has since classed herself with the nobility—Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri and Mae Murray.

NEW method of face lifting! It was rumored that Scott Sidney, of *The Nervous Wreck*, was planning a little rejuvenating stunt. Chester Conklin, director for Cecil De Mille studios, told Sidney the surgical process was superfluous—he had a better stunt. He shouted: "Get into the set. There in the kitchen. Make

(Continued on page 68)

Radiant as *The Sun of Montmartre*, in which she will next be seen, is the personality of Norma Talmadge, whose interpretation of a French girl fairly glitters. After that she will be under the wings of The United Artists, with her first flight as *The Dove* of David Belasco

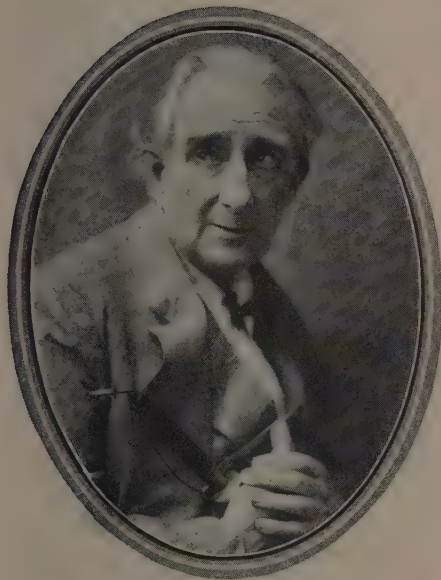


Chidnoff



Chidnoff

Rah! Rah! Rah! Richard Dix, *The Quarterback*, for Famous Players. With Esther Ralston as "the girl" in the grandstand, and the general popularity of "Dick," there'll be nothing to his making the goal. This typical football hero now has a chance to give his breezy American youth full play



Luminaries of the Screen World



Wm. E. Thomas

This time Peter Grimm returns to the screen—instead of the stage. Fox Films have selected Alec Francis for Belasco's sympathetic "Peter," which David Warfield portrayed on the stage. Mr. Francis' understanding performance in John Golden's *Thank You* and also in *Beau Brummel* with John Barrymore promises us an interesting characterization



Ruth Harriet Louise

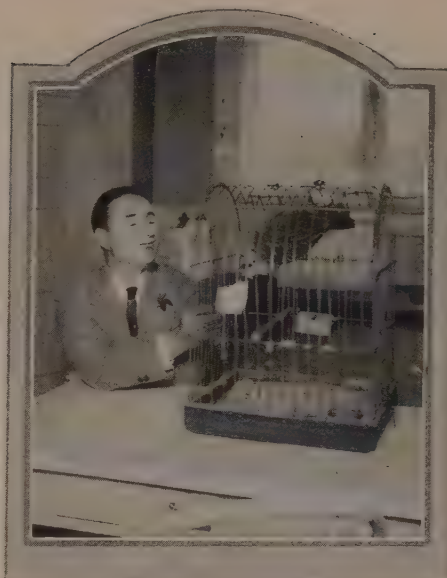
The Orient lurks in Jetta Goudal's mystical eyes and luxuriant hair. As the Alsatian peasant girl in *Salome of the Slums* she proved that the rôle of vamp is not the only one she can picturesquely portray. Her next starring vehicle for De Mille is *White Gold*, supported by H. B. Warner, from the play of J. Palmer Parsons, to be directed by William K. Howard

This delicate Dresden Buddha is the goddess placed on *The Altars of Desire* by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and worshipped

by many. Through her recent marriage to Prince David Divani, Mae Murray, the irresistible *Merry Widow*, has become a princess



"PALS"
Leatrice Joy
and Jiminy



Syd Chaplin, bribing his pet, admits the parrot's tongue is more deadly than woman's



"WRIGGLY
WORMS"
Prize pets of
Thelma Daniels

Dorothy Gish kept in trim for Tip-toes by running after "Trotteur"



TWINS

Were presented in France to Alice Terry by her husband, Rex Ingram, that had to be fed through a bottle. *Regardez-les!* The ferocious bull is of the mechanical species



Dolores Costello, in her leopard-and-fox skins, retains the jungle illusion for her lion cub

Antonio D'Algy getting off one of his monkey shines



"Bosco," the smallest, but not the smartest, dog in the world. Fancy having to be dragged by Norma Shearer



Rod La Roque sees the squareness in sharing everything with "Spotter"



Pet Diversions for Film Favorites



Strong maternal instinct! Bessie Love and her "kid," Billy

The Sheik of Film-Araby



Rudolph Valentino and his baby camel friend

Just as we are going to press, we receive, with much regret, the announcement of Rudolph Valentino's death. As the last interview given to any magazine before the popular screen star was taken to the hospital, we think this will be of special interest to our readers.

TO be assured the hospitality of the desert, a stranger need but take hold of the tent-rope and say: "I am your guest." Many took hold of the rope in a tent that was recently pitched on a higher level than usual—in a New York

hotel, by the "Sheik" of Film-Araby. In the blaze of midday, with fans going, bottled water flowing, servants hurrying and ladies (reporters) scurrying, everyone was in attendance. Waiting. In a moment the closed door would be opened. Entered—the Grand Mufti's cortège. Personal publicity man, general press-agent, secretary, camera man, spectators and—an innovation into Arabian inner circles—a champion boxer, with whom the "Sheik" had been training. A pause. Scuffle. Rudolpho Alfonzo Raffaello Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla, with the gallantry of the French (his side), the physiological characteristics of the Italian (his father's side) clothed à l'Américaine (our side), breezed in.

"May I first tell you that I was not brushing up on my boxing in order to at-

tack a certain editor in Chicago, as some of the papers put it"—he prefixed before we started our little visit. "To tell you I am incensed over the aspersion thrust upon my manhood is perfectly accurate," he said in his precise, interestingly foreign accent, "and it is that very misrepresentation of people in the public eye that leads to perpetual blemish for those of us whose annals shall be handed down to posterity."

"Just think of it"—in a most incensed tone—"let us say, for instance, that some day I shall become successful—"

"Aren't you?" I queried.

"You know there is a vast gulf between popularity and success."

"What is your conception of 'success'?"

He pulled an orange-tasseled, gold cigarette case from his pocket, deliberately took a cigarette from the case, lit it, puffed, and with the same air of coolness said: "Success is a sequence of artistic achievements."

Quite unlike the self-assurance with which we associate the leader of a tribe
(Continued on page 68)

A Little Girl—In a Big Town

DO you recall the way Alice's eyes popped as she entered the rabbit's hole in *Wonderland*—and how she drew back, awed by the miracles, as they were revealed to her? Can you picture that same Alice, for the first time in New York, riding in a taxi, through tunnels of monstrous buildings, from one crowded street into another—poking her head out of the window, pulling it back before it collides with a huge truck—bobbing up and down in the car as though she were on wires? Can you? Then you have visualized Mary Philbin, the wistful little visitor, the first time in New York, from a small town, Universal City, California.

"Oooh, aren't they big!" were the frightened, almost inaudible whispers, as the thoroughly unsophisticated film star, ventured peeps at the sky-scrapers. "Let us go to the Ritz," she burst forth.

Ritz? It was as though the Queen of England had suddenly begun to do the Charleston.

"Yes," she went on. "I read 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes' and I decided that as soon as I arrived here, I would have to go to the Ritz for tea." Forgetting the most important thing, she hurriedly added, "and wheat cakes. I must gain three pounds, I'm only ninety-six now," nodding her head in childlike simplicity.

What a surprise this must be to the

sophisticated fans! They just know that motion picture stars bathe in champagne, wear diamonds as wind-breakers and after all social activities have grown enervating, and sleep saturated with *ennui*, they stroll to the screen—make a few grimaces, and collect thirty thousand dollars. For these omniscient beings, our little chat with Mary Philbin is quoted as unadorned artificially as is the peacock in her vivid plumage.

"Oh, I'm anxious to go shopping here—and see all the big places," she said, rolling her eyes, as though the deed were miles away from the thought. "So far, I don't feel much different than I did in Hollywood, I've been before the camera here, since I arrived, this morning—the photographer's, you know."

"Yes'm," she said, and quickly catching the rural colloquialism, tilted her head to one side, blushed, and blotted it out with a most emphatic "yes."

Turning her head from the right side to the left and then peering ahead and behind, the much-impressed Miss Philbin observed: "Here is so much motion about me, I feel as though I were looking at a huge, spectacular performance, arranged only for me," and here her eyes shone with reminiscent enjoyment—"just the way I felt one day when I was five years old, and my father took me to my first moving picture show. As I was growing more and more



Just a simple, country girl

absorbed in the actress, the distance between the screen and me grew a great deal shorter, but the gap between my seat and me—oh, much, much greater. I thugged forward—if the move had been completed, it would have meant an immediate eclipse of
(Continued on page 70)



Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman as they appear in a Goldwyn production, *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, directed by Henry King. The story vividly conveys the struggle of the pioneers and the solemn vastness of the desert

Constance Talmadge, who carries on an inimitably *Constancesque* masquerade as a titled Russian lady in *The Duchess of Buffalo*, meets the real Duke, Edward Martindale, who, fortunately for the little starry eye-tinkler, instantaneously becomes enamored of her. A First National photoplay



After plotting to get Margaret Dauncey (Alice Terry) alone in her apartment, Oliver Haddo (Paul Wegener) gains entrance and hypnotizes her. Under the spell, she has a strange dream, which makes her realize what power *The Magician* has over her. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production

The sincere and false, fiery and cold, volatile Don Juan (*John Barrymore*) mistakes the innocently passionate gratitude of Adriana (*Mary Astor*) for having spared her father's life and hers through the interception of poisoned wine. He construes it as a giving of self, with which he is so familiar. Allan Crossland directed the photoplay, scenarized by Bess Meredith, for Warner Bros.

Olive Borden, as radiant and unfettered Eve, and George O'Brien, the first husband on record, co-star in *Fig Leaves*, a Fox Film, written and directed by Howard Hawks



Max Mun Autrey

COUPLETS

Selected from current poetic and rhythmic photoplays

T H E A M A T E U R S T A G E

Edited by M. E. KEHOE



BALTIMORE'S LITTLE THEATRE SENSATION

Introducing pretty girls and a fast-moving revue in the Little Theatre Movement.

Left: Helen Cambrill, one of the charming reasons why *The Charles Street Follies* played for ten weeks at the Play-Arts Guild Theatre in Baltimore

Below: Virginia Fox and Wesley Thorpe in the "You-and-Me" number of *The Charles Street Follies*



A personable chorus group in *The Charles Street Follies*.
Left to right: Rhoda Berry, Esther Kaiss, Marie Rezek,
Barbara Link and Agnes Diver



The Amateur's

Green Room



Behind the Scenes in the Colleges, Schools, Clubs and Little Theatres

BALTIMORE'S LITTLE THEATRE SENSATION

PRETTY girls in the little theatre movement! And why not? Ask the Play-Arts Guild of Baltimore.

With the opening of its little playhouse (seating 140) last November, the Play-Arts Guild, a two-year-old group, launched a fast-moving intimate revue called *The Charles Street Follies*, with original music and dialogue and poking fun at local personages and institutions. Before the show's opening night, the Guilders had been able to round up only fifty season subscribers. And yet such was the success of the production that it ran for ten successive weeks, playing to nearly 5,000 persons, with a schedule of four performances weekly.

The Guild revue had such a wide appeal that it had to be revived "by public demand" in April and May for the local council of the Knights of Columbus, the Baltimore Hebrew Congregation, the Parents-Teachers' Association of one of the city's high schools and other organizations had called for special performances in large auditoriums about the town. A local newspaper publisher took over the show for a special performance for his editorial staff, while the Charles Street Association of merchants responded of their own volition to the charm of this little theatre revue that had not only "glorified" the town's big street but helped advertise the town itself.

And so it has come to pass that a girl-and-music show has served to introduce a little theatre group to the public. The Guilders are now preparing to launch during the coming season the most ambitious list of productions ever planned by the little theatre group in Baltimore. The first production (already given a private tryout in uncompleted form) will be *Patience*, the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, and other productions scheduled are Booth Tarkington's *Tweedles*, Harry Wagstaff Gribble's *March Hares*, Eugene O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape*, another edition of *The Charles Street Follies* (of course!) and a revival of Anna Cora Mowatt's *Fashion*, which the Guilders produced before they had a theatre of their own.

By way of further experiment, the Guild has arranged to give an introductory course of instruction in stage art in conjunction with the Bard Avon School. Lectures on the history of the drama will be given by an instructor of the school, while practical instruction in the mechanics of the theatre, together with lessons in make-up and light-

ing values, will be conducted by the Guilders.

Two types of production are given—public presentations and "guild-night" productions, the latter, open only to members, serving as tryout for new talent and original play scripts. A tryout performance of each public production is generally given some weeks before its formal opening.

Guiding the destinies of the organization is a group of enthusiasts assembled from many walks of life, so that the Guild bids fair to grow into a real community theatre. Presiding as dramatic director is T. M. Cushing, the young dramatic reviewer of the *Baltimore Sun*, who established the Homewood Playshop at the Johns Hopkins University, where he was formerly instructor in English. Isaac Benesch is art director, while Nellie M. Todd, local musician and former pupil of the Peabody, heads the music department. Miss Todd and Mr. Cushing composed most of the music in *The Charles Street Follies*. Joseph W. Cushing is president of the organization, Nancy F. Arnold the secretary and Alexander Gawlis the treasurer and business manager.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

ALICE IN WONDERLAND, Lewis Carroll's familiar child classic, "Alice in Wonderland," and *Through the Looking-Glass*, charmingly dramatized by Alice Gerstenberg, was presented early in the season by the Kern County Union High School, Bakersfield, California, under the direction of Miss Ethel Robinson, the instructor in dramatics.

Every dramatic interest in a town, quite dramatically inclined, seemed to have been satisfied by student body, class, organization or amateur little theatre productions except that of the children. Nobody had thought of them, so the class chose the children's own "Alice" and decided to present her at a special matinee for them only at a price anyone of them could afford. However, before the day arrived, the idea had met with such enthusiasm from grammar school teachers and principals, librarians, parents and grown-up children that an evening performance was also planned.

The high-school auditorium seats eleven hundred people and every seat was sold for the evening performance. And at the afternoon performance over seven hundred children applauded with delight the strange adventures of Carroll's heroine in the land of make-believe. Some of the children were

so afraid of being late that they arrived at noontime. Numerous requests for a third performance were received, especially from out-of-town people.

The Dramatic Department of the Kern County Union High School consists of two beginning classes, one advanced class and a class in stage shop. The latter comprises artists, carpenters, stage crew and electricians. They receive practical instruction in the different phases of producing and they stage the plays that are put on by the school—usually a student body, junior college and senior—and receive class credit for their work.

Alice in Wonderland was the first production to be staged by the entire dramatics department. Every student contributed some work toward the success of the play and most of the work was done in school hours. Suggestions for the costumes were taken from the Teneil illustrations in the oldest edition of *Alice* and adapted to needs and material. Designs for both these and the settings were made by various students, criticized by the instructor and executed by the advanced class and stage shop class with the assistance of the beginning classes.

It was not an easy task to costume fifty characters and make seven entirely different sets. A few all-day meetings on Saturdays with cheese-cloth, cambric, paints and dye finished the costumes. Since the stage space and facilities were limited, the settings offered some difficulties. In every scene soft French blue curtains were used as a background. Against these were laid the design for each scene—colorful and fanciful.

The experiment was a success in every way. The students were thrilled with the delight and enthusiasm of the audience and agreed that they had received more satisfaction out of the play than anything they had ever done. This production suggests a way in which a high-school dramatics department may be of service to the children of the community who have to depend almost entirely on the movies for their entertainment.

THE IRVINE PLAYERS

THIS New York group has had a busy and successful season both on the air and in production, having given one-act plays weekly through stations WEF and WRNY, from which they received a gratifying volume of letters of appreciation from "listeners-in."

The Irvine Players were chosen to broadcast one of the prize plays, *The Fugi-*

tive, in the April contest of WRNY for the best radio one-act play. They were also selected to broadcast *The Trysting Place*, by Booth Tarkington, on the occasion of the first anniversary of the founding of WRNY at the convention of radio artists, held in the ballroom of the Roosevelt Hotel.

In the Spring this group produced a one-act play, *The Cloak*, by Clifford Bax, in the auditorium of Carnegie Hall.

For three successive days the Irvine Players also gave a series of one-act plays before large audiences in the Wanamaker auditorium. Their program included *The Sponge*, by Alice C. D. Riley; *The Trysting Place*, by Booth Tarkington; *The Light*, by Eugene Pillot; *Wanted—Originals Only*, by Ruth Giorloff, and a pantomime, *The Jester*, by Don Vere, the last two plays having been written by members of the Irvine Players.

"HAMLET" IN MODERN DRESS

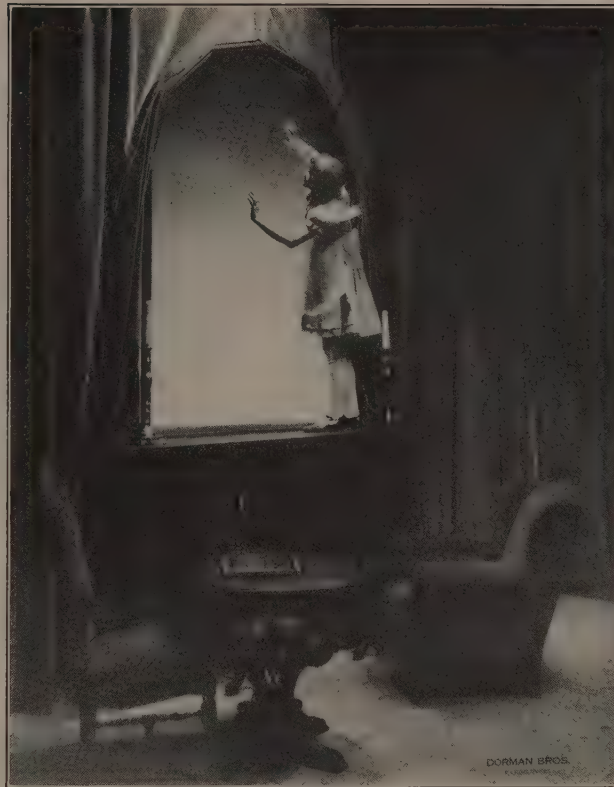
GORDON DAVIS, that progressive and brilliant director of dramatics at Stanford University, recently added a few more laurels to the crown of his achievements in the production of *Hamlet* in modern dress. It was also the occasion for the return to Stanford of Lester Vail, who was the foremost man of his time on the university stage (four years ago) and who recently met with success on Broadway as the leading man for Helen Menken in *The Makropoulos Secret*. Vail interpreted the part of Hamlet (in modern dress). Chrysella Kiler and Leslie Kiler were in charge of the technical and stage direction of the play.

Stanford has just completed a Summer course in dramatics which covered two months' work, from June 22 to August 28.

MISCELLANY

THE Players of the University of Michigan presented a season of Summer plays which included Shaw's *Great Catherine*, Rachel Crother's *Expressing Willie*, W. S. Gilbert's *Sweethearts*, Milne's *Belinda*, Molière's *The Doctor in Spite of Himself* and Colin Clement's *The Haiduc*.

The Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich., under the direction of Saw-



Alice, going through the looking-glass, in the opening scene from *Alice in Wonderland*, produced by the Kern County Union High School, Bakersfield, Cal. Blue light behind the mirror gave the effect of magic and distance

yer Falk, produced Martin Flavin's psychological study, *Children of the Moon*. They have in contemplation Molière's *L'Avare*, Henning Berger's *The Deluge*, Tarkington's *Magnolia*, Pirandello's *Right You Are* and Pinero's *The Enchanted Cottage*.

The Association Players' Stock Company of the Ninety-second Street (New York) Y. M. H. A., under the direction of Myron E. Sattler, will produce six

plays for its second subscription season, which will include *The House Next Door*, *In the Next Room*, *The Eldest Son*, *Mrs. Partridge Presents*, *Within the Law* and a bill of new one-act plays. Bide Dudley's new play, *All Square*, will be tried out shortly. New manuscripts are wanted by the Association Players, likewise new members. For information address Myron E. Sattler, 146 East Ninety-second Street, New York.

Twenty of the permanent members of the Washington Square College Players of New York University opened their fifth Summer season at the New York University Playhouse, Washington Square, in a Shaw and Barrie repertory, under the direction of Randolph Somerville. *Getting Married*, *Candida* and *You Never Can Tell* were chosen to represent Shaw, and *Dear Brutus* and *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire* for Barrie. Several plays of Milne's, including *Mr. Pim Passes by*, *Belinda* and *The Dover Road*, were also included in the company's repertory.

The first production of Franz Molnar's *Liliom*, in the Pacific Northwest, was made by the Guild Theatre Players of the University of Oregon, under the direction of Florence E. Wilbur.

The Community Players of Long Beach, N. Y., recently presented Rachel Crother's comedy, *Expressing Willie*, Isham and Marcin's *Three Live Ghosts*, Tarkington's *Tweedles* and Rostand's *The Romancers*. The headquarters of this group is at 508 Heartwell Building and they are seeking active members to take part in productions and to aid in the movement to build a community theatre in Long Beach.

A summary of the season of 1925-26 of the Cornell Dramatic Club at Cornell University reveals a program of unusual interest, with a list of plays of wide and varied appeal. During the season the club gave six major productions and forty-eight one-act plays, playing public performances forty-five evenings during the college year. In addition to the directing staff, the club used in its various departments two hundred and ninety-five undergraduates.



The garden of flowers, where Alice meets and talks with the caterpillar and measures herself against his huge mushroom, in the production of *Alice in Wonderland*

F · A · S · H · I · O · N · S



A beautiful evening wrap from Drecoll,
of orange velvet with collar and wide
band of sable

Le dernier cri in furs
as introduced by the
women of the stage
and screen



Heim has designed this roomy motor cape
and trimmed it with young leopard skins



A beautiful Russian ermine wrap, trimmed with silver fox



A natural summer ermine coat, with collar and cuffs of cocoa fox



A truly regal coat of broadcloth and chinchilla

These coats were posed by Miss Marguerite Wyatt for A. Jaekel & Co.

Chanel red broadcloth and black velvet ensemble, trimmed with gold braid. The coat is lined with black satin and collar and cuffs are of black lynx



Black velvet coat, lined with maroon-colored satin and gown to match, made of panels of black velvet with maroon-colored pleated satin between each panel. Collar and cuffs of grey fox



Charming afternoon gown of black and gold brocade, with gold brocade pleated skirt to match

Photos Irving Chidnoff



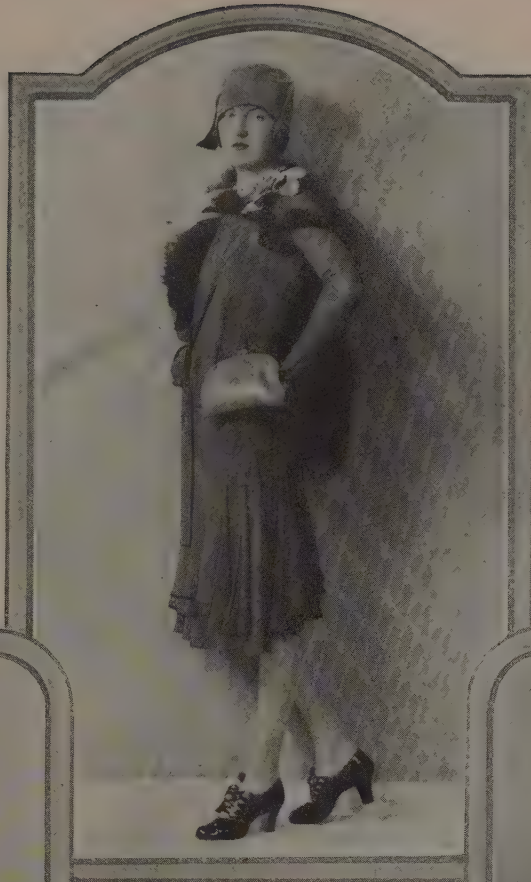
Soft, clinging flesh and black velvet evening gown, embroidered in a sunburst design of rhinestones

New and very graceful is this Chapchilla cape effect evening wrap, lined with flesh-colored velvet and embroidered in silver



These latest fall models from Hickson

"SPIFFY" model is made of black moire and the trimming and heel is of a material known as Dansant. The idea of this pattern is for the trimming to emphasize the large oval opening at the instep and this gives the appearance of an open-shank shoe from the front, but the fitting qualities are much better for the average foot. The pattern has a light appearance and is also one of the new Fall models



The distinctive creations of the
PEACOCK SHOES
are so alluring that Miss Verree
Teasdale makes an early selec-
tion for her fall wardrobe

"ADOREE," a new model,
made of black patent leather,
with a Fall shade of kid as
trimming, which is known as
Creole. The fastener is a new
type of buckle, which adds a
smartness to the shoe which we
feel will prove to be very
popular



"CHIC" model is a new type
of tie with scallops around the
top and at the instep, which is
a comparatively plain but very
smart appearing type. This
shoe is away from the regular
oxford design, but is closed up
enough so that it makes a very
smart afternoon or street shoe.
The celluloid covered high
Cuban heel on this model is
very new and is particularly
suited for this type of footwear

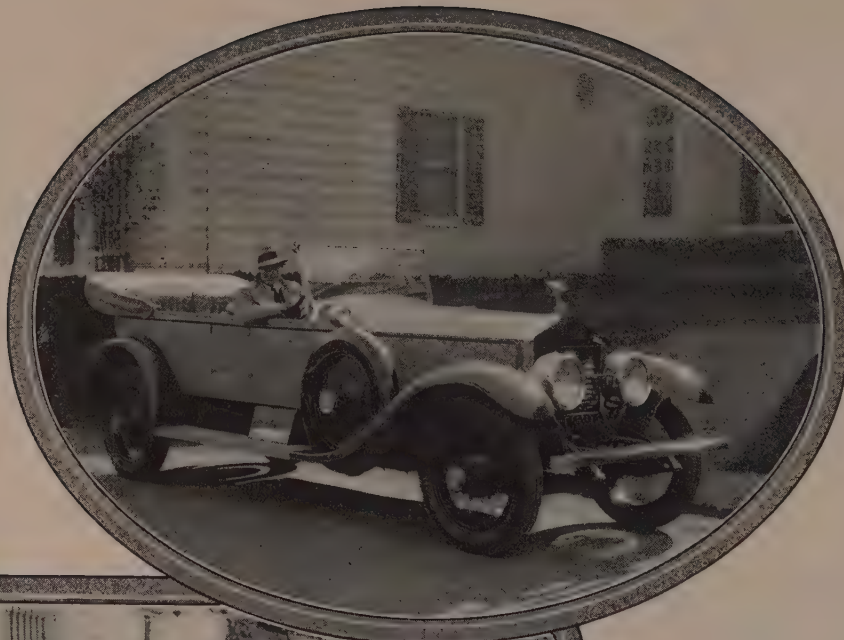


Photos by Chidnoff

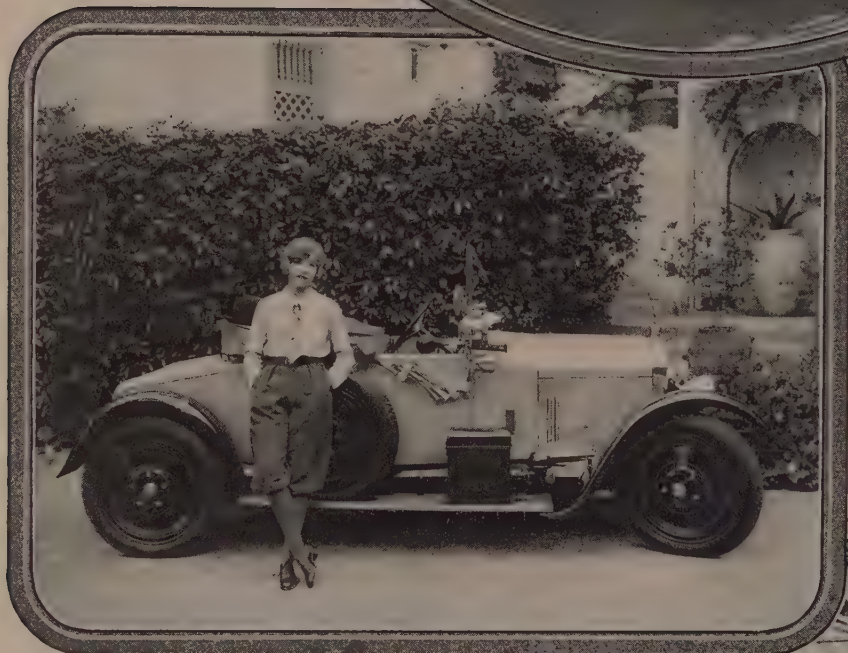


"PYNCHON"
model, made of
colored silver
paisley cloth and
trimmed in sil-
ver kid

"D'ORSAY"
model type of
pump, made in
paisley cloth

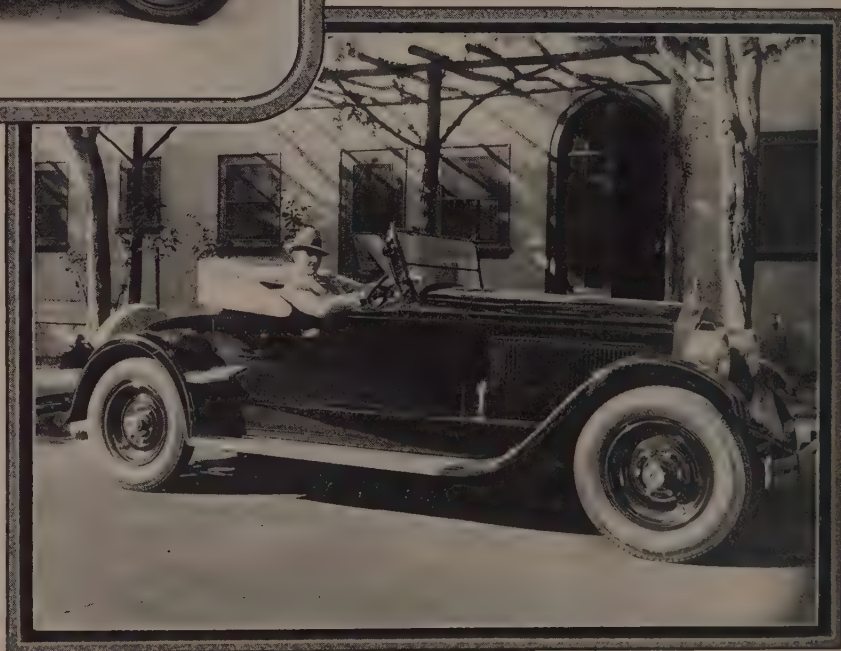


In fair weather Rod La Roque drives to the De Mille studios in this chocolate-tinted foreign "motor." Lucky Rod has a closed model for the rainy days. They're a splendid combination! Actors must steel themselves against all outside influences—they are ever in endurance contests—coming out on top—so is the Rolls-Royce



Blanche Sweet, one of the most compelling actresses on the screen, plays in and out of the shadows with her new Wolseley, which Marshall Neilan bought for her in England. It is driven by the star when she motors without a driver

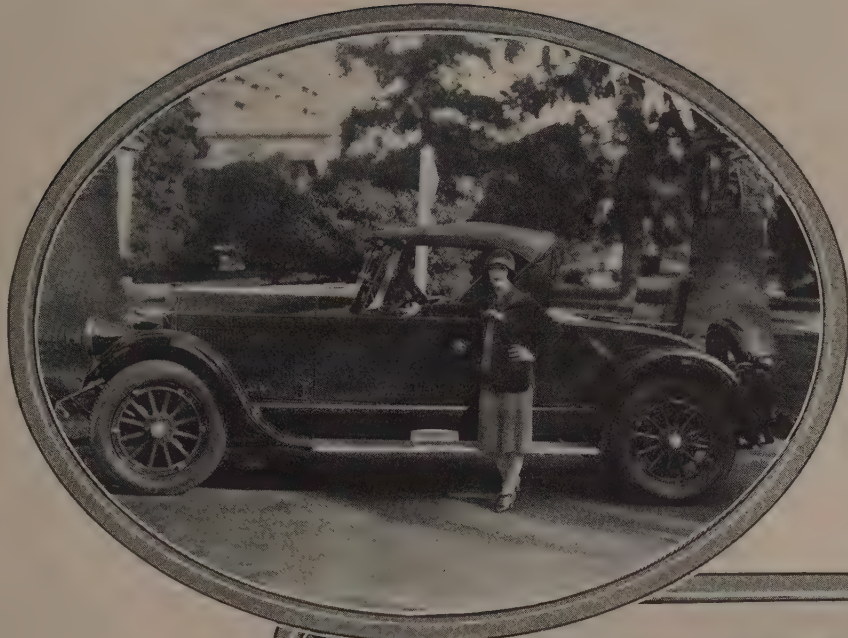
Ronald Colman, recently snapped in his new Packard runabout while waiting for someone in front of Samuel Goldwyn's office in Hollywood. "I dislike fussing," the screen celebrity said; "this car is fitted with built-in bumpers, automatic wind-shield cleaner, rear-view mirror and other accessories—that's why I bought it"



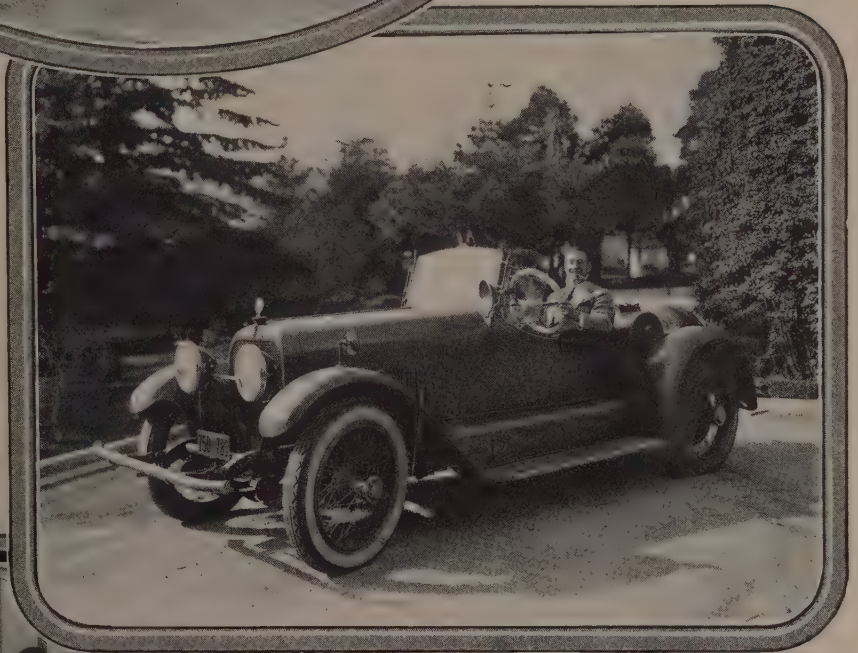
REAL GOOD CARS—FOR GOOD REEL STARS

Some of the running successes that are bound to have long runs

The rich coloring of Patsy Ruth Miller's Pierce-Arrow de luxe run-about—the fleetness with which it glides away smoothly, silently—rarely leaves the roomy rumble seat behind unoccupied. Besides, there's a door in the side that opens to a space for the stowing of luggage—and lives there a lady who loves not luggage?



A pipe, a dog, a chummy Mercer roadster underneath a bough—even Omar Khayyam would have been willing to exchange places with Syd. Chaplin, Warner Brothers' screen star. With the mirror perched so co-operatively on the front mud guard—there is no strain on the driver in trying to spot the trailing motorcycle policeman



"My new car!" William A. Seiter, motion-picture director, announced as a surprise to Laura La Plante (his fiancée). "It's a Cunningham cabriolet coupé—snug as a bug in a rug—and I like it best, next to you"



THE STARS OF PICCADILLY

(Continued from page 20)



was able to appear on the London stage almost at the beginning of her career, under such good auspices as those of Toole and Barrie, and to make her mark straightaway.

SUCH are the three histrionic artistes, whom I would place at the head of the actresses of England at the present moment; but, as Ibsen says, "the young generation is knocking at the door," and there are others who also enjoy a vast popularity. Sybil Thorndike, for example, is universally respected. She has a dignified, intellectual presence, and a very fine voice, and she has not only appeared in Greek tragedy and Shakespeare, but has been a good friend to contemporary dramatists by producing, often with brilliant success, plays by Bernard Shaw, Herbert Trench, St. John Ervine and other writers whose main inspiration in their work has been something a good deal higher than the box-office. Her fine ambition and good taste in this respect have won for her not only the special esteem of the playwriting fraternity, but also the gratitude of a vast section of playgoers, and the appearance of her name in the bill is now sufficient to fill any theatre in the Kingdom.

IN her private life she is, I am told, one of the most delightful of women; but her personality on the stage is austere; and while her Katherine in *Henry VIII* is probably as grand as any on record, and I would go a long way to see her as Lady Macbeth, I cannot for a moment imagine her as Portia or Rosalind or Cleopatra. It was, of course, not her fault that there was little mysticism or poetry in her Joan of Arc. After all, even the greatest actress cannot put qualities into a part which the author strenuously leaves out. But there was the charm of youth and humanity, and always there was her splendid elocu-

tion. On the whole Miss Thorndike conspicuously embodies much that is best and most hopeful in the British Theatre of to-day, and her popularity is one of the happiest signs of the times.

FAY COMPTON probably comes next in the esteem of discriminating playgoers. A member of a distinguished theatrical family, she doubtless owes a good deal to heredity. At first she concerned herself mainly with the light lyric stage, but, like Marie Tempest, she presently deserted it for comedy, and she has now been for some years the leading lady at the Haymarket Theatre. She has had her failures. Her Princess Flavia, for example, in a revival three years ago of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, was so lacking in distinction as to be almost a nullity. But when her personality is suited she can carry all before her. Her Mary Rose in Barrie's play of that name was a poem come to life; her Ophelia to the Hamlet of John Barrymore was the tenderest and most poetical scene on the London stage for many years; and her performance as the prima-donna heroine of *The Man with a Load of Mischief* had every kind of charm. Her comeliness is a household word; there is not a more musical speaking voice on the stage than hers; every word she says is audible in every part of the house; she has great magnetism, and she can draw tears as easily as she can provoke laughter. She would make a bewitching Kate Hardcastle and an ideal Lady Teazle, and I would give a good deal to see her as Rosalind in the woodland scenes of *As You Like It*, though probably as the young Princess at her uncle's court she would fall far short of the dignity and splendor with which the greatest Rosalind of our time, Ada Rehan, clothed that part of the character.

The most photographed actress in

London is Gladys Cooper, and there is no denying that in the theatre she has a large following. She has played important parts during long and successful runs, and her Dora in *Diplomacy* and her Paula in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* attracted quite as much attention as her Mrs. Cheyney in Mr. Lonsdale's popular "crook" play. Just, however, as her prettiness is hardly soulful, so her acting has often struck me as lacking in depth. Not always. There were moments in her Paula which made one feel in the presence of a sincere and original talent; but her Dora lacked the tone of good breeding, and her Iris, in Pinero's play of that name, had not the air of pathetic simplicity which made Fay Davis' performance so memorable in the original cast. Crowds go to see her, just as crowds buy her pictures; and she has enriched many a box-office, mainly by being her pretty self on the stage and speaking her lines distinctly. Intellectually and artistically, the stimulus of her career has been small; but, as at all times, and particularly in these present times, the majority of playgoers are young, susceptible to prettiness and not particularly exacting as to art, her popularity has probably yet many happy years in store.

SO much for the gifted and fortunate women whose names and achievements are familiar to all. There are others who are highly esteemed, albeit perhaps in smaller circles. One of these is Gwendolen Frangcon-Davies, a delicate, wistful little vision, who sang and acted so prettily in Boughton's opera, *The Immortal Hour*, that she charmed everyone who saw her and then played the part of Tess of the D'Urbervilles in Thomas Hardy's dramatization of his harrowing novel so tenderly that night after night she had men and women all over the theatre crying

(Continued on page 58)

THE STAGE MOMMER

(Continued from page 18)

out her mother's consent. This parent chooses her daughter's friends, gives out her daughter's interviews, handles all of her daughter's business negotiations, selects her daughter's books, her meals, her clothes.

A short time ago Miss Seventeen was leaving for Hollywood for a stellar engagement in pictures, mama by her side to ward off the bugaboos and smooth the way. I happened to be present at her departure to write a story for the newspapers. Miss Seventeen's boy friend was there, too, a slender youth with deep-brown eyes and a wide smile. With sweet wistfulness he was shaking hands with the little star, hoping for a more tender farewell.

Pleadingly Miss Seventeen looked up into her mother's eyes.

"Mother, may I?" she begged.

Magnanimously the stern parent replied:

"Yes, dear. You *may* kiss George good-bye."

Whenever a mother tells me that she intends to go on tour with her daughter, I am tempted to tell her that "mother's place is in the home." Usually a mother's idea in making road tours with her actress daughter is to protect the precious darling. But if the mother whose child is on stage has not thoroughly made up her mind that the young lady is able to take care of herself, then all her

watchfulness will not keep the young woman on the straight and narrow if she has a mind to sow her wild violets.

But when we close our eyes to the debit side of the Back-Stage Mothers' Ledger and look at the credit page, there is a volume of tribute instead of a single article. Here we find mothers who are sympathetic friends, wise counselors, canny advisers—mothers who are making the daily sacrifices peculiar to motherhood, mothers who have a function for which no one else, not even kind fathers, can serve as substitutes—mothers who are mothers in the most beautiful sense of the word.



A New Sport— Movies with a Kodak



*Hold eye level or
waist high—and just
press the release.*



*Hold waist high or
eye level—and just
press the release.*

THE ease of it all is amazing. Press the release on the Ciné-Kodak—you're making movies. Turn the switch on your Kodascope—you're showing movies. And the cost of operation is only one-sixth that of "standard" movies.

The fun of it all is enticing. There you are in a close-up (you've always wanted to know how you'd look on the screen). Or there's the family at the shore. From the comfortable depths of your easy chair you're seeing all this. How real it all is in movies! The play's the thing—the photoplay that you make yourself.

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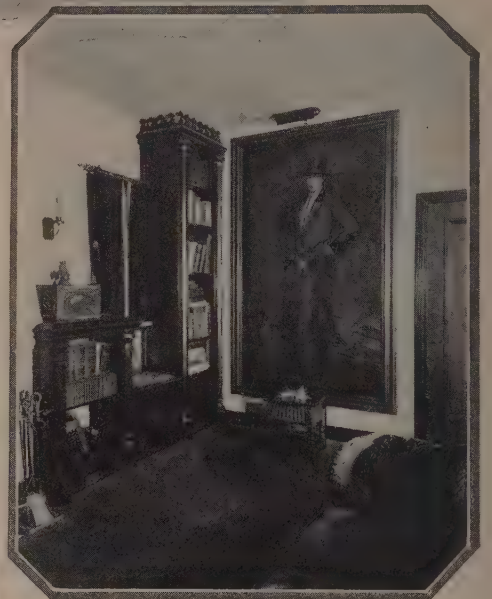
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*



One is greeted by comfort, music and charm in the living-room—all of which is even more enhanced by the freedom of expanse beckoning from the balcony window. The painting, over the piano, is one by Corelli, court painter to Philip II of Spain, of the Duchess of Savoy, sister of François I



Miniature warriors, armor, daggers, swords and other bellicose relics are a marked contrast to the pervading peacefulness of the screen idol's home. The painting by Frederico-Bel-tram Masses is of Al Manzor, the Moorish conqueror of Cordova



In this corner of the library, offsetting the many reference books on Arabia, whose pages are worn thin with study, hangs a painting of Valentino in Toreador regalia, made by Frederico-Bel-tram Masses



ENTER!
The doorway to Mr. Valentino's home

PEEKS INTO INTERESTING
CORNERS WHERE THE LATE
RUDOLPH VALENTINO
FOUND CALM AND REFUGE

TEMPERAMENT

(Continued from page 12)

couldn't be gotten along with—or words and music to that effect."

Mr. Bennett recalled that time, for instance, about the steam-pipes. . . . He continued his lines above the clanks and detonations that came from off-stage, until his voice was lost. Then with a honeyed smile, he strode to the footlights and in nice quiet tones supposed the audience had come to hear the play and not the heating equipment, and promised that as soon as the engineer had finished his pinoche game and could attend to the machinery, the drama would go on.

There was another occasion when Mr. Bennett's rebuke was silent. It was in *He Who Gets Slapped*, in which the opening scene is important to the understanding of the entire piece. Audience and actors alike were suddenly disturbed by ushers' flash-lamps as a party of late diners were shown to seats in the center of the third row. The calm and glittering eye of "He" turned in their direction and remained fixed upon the shifting, chattering newcomers while the stage remained still and everyone from boxes to balcony focussed daggery looks. The thoughtless ones fairly cowered, and the play proceeded without further interruption by chirp, giggle or wriggle.

"Temperament, they call that!" went on R. Bennett. "I call it a lesson in deportment from a person with sensitiveness to persons with none. Why, I'm nothing compared with what Mansfield used to be or Henry Miller. Mansfield used to stride toward the audience and bellow in a voice that shook with rage: 'My God! That I should have left my home and my family and come here to play to PIGS!'"

"John Barrymore has lashed out at his audience many times, God bless him! So have other fine actors. No one knows but those on our side of the footlights the torture of the giggling, coughing, talking, sneezing, foot-scuffing audience. We work like galley-slaves for weeks and weeks, rehearsing till we can scarcely stand, giving all that's in us, only to have our work destroyed by selfishness and stupidity. If we occasionally break loose under the strain, they call it 'temperament.'"

During rehearsals of *What Every Woman Knows*, with Maude Adams as Maggie and Mr. Bennett as John Shand, symptoms of Bennett temperament began to manifest themselves—and that was sixteen years ago. He was sitting on a tool-box in a dark corner and couldn't find his place in the script. Thumbing madly through the pages and with the director sarcastically inquiring if Mr. Shand had lost his vocal ability, our hero leaped to his feet and pitched that manuscript bing—SWAT, as though he were back in the prize-ring, landing a right hook to an unhappy adversary's jaw.

Miss Adams laughed. The director glowered. But Frohman merely grinned and called out: "Hey there, Dick! Be careful or you'll tear that script—and you don't know the part yet!"

Which, according to Dick Bennett, is the way to handle Temperament.

"I worked seventeen years with Frohman," he mentions. "He once said: 'I always feel I'm standing over a volcano with Dick Bennett, but somehow he never erupts very badly if you know how to take him.' Frohman did know how."

"I might," Mr. Bennett chats on, "paraphrase Shaw and say that those who understand 'temperament' pardon it; those who resent it destroy it. People who have unsensitive nerves and calm tempers have little idea of the actual sufferings of the other sort of people. It's no credit to a phlegmatic man to remain placid. When a temperamental one keeps self-control under great stress, pin a medal on him—and be tolerant when he occasionally blows up!"

"I guess tolerance—" (puff, puff, a quenching of the old cigarette and a fresh one lighted) "—is about the greatest thing in the world anyhow. Tolerance toward everything, from your wife's unreasoning jealousies to your stage manager's religion.

"Tolerance means not taking yourself too seriously. Most people mean well, but terrible things are done by people who mean well—and take themselves seriously when they really are trivial. Hardly anybody understands another. It's hard to see beneath the surface, and God knows appearances lie like anything."

. . . But he is also—we cannot think of a better word at the moment—domestic. He loves his house, loves his three children and wishes he had six, and his three children love him. Three girls, all grown now: Constance, Barbara and Joan—Joan just from college and going to be married; Constance all married long ago; Barbara not, Barbara looking exactly like Dad, except that she's dark-eyed, black-haired, exotic-looking like her beautiful mother, Adrienne Morrison.

Barbara plants her slim self on Father's lap, borrows his cigarette, rumples his hair and calls him "Sweet," "Old Lamb" and "Boy."

"I'll admit the temperament," calls Bennett after us as we sink in the little electric lift to the ground floor, "but don't make me out an eccentric old freak. I'm an actor because I've been about everything else and find acting is my best vehicle of expression. But THIS—" (waving a hand toward Barbara) "—and the other two are my best creative work. They are my justification for living."

And so we left them—having had a glimpse behind the well-known Bennett Temperament.



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SAN FRANCISCO (51 Grant Avenue)

POMEROY'S PAST

(Continued from page 28)

have two beautiful children. My own life has been very lonely. Well—I really think I'd better go and have my dinner.

AFTER dinner Dr. Heminway corners Pomeroy and tells him that Amanda thinks it best to have some sort of ceremony the first thing in the morning. He deeply regrets that the thing has occurred, but is willing to take his share of the blame. Pomeroy insists that he alone be regarded as the culprit, but suggests that he prepare Francesca somewhat in advance for this sudden turn in her affairs. Francesca is summoned and with some difficulty Pomeroy explains what is impending.

FRANCESCA: After all that 'ave 'appen to me, to marry you that is nothing. And for the love you say—the wife love the husband if he is kind. If he does not fight and throw the plate.

POMEROY: Oh, there'll be nothing like that. But there's something I feel I should tell you, my dear. I HAVE been in love and I have never gotten over it—and I never will. The hurt—in heart—is very deep. You understand? So all I can offer you is the ashes of my love. You know what an ash is?

FRANCESCA: Hash?

POMEROY: Yes—that's it exactly. Hash. It doesn't sound very enticing—but I'll be good to you, Francesca. I'll never throw the plate or anything like that.

FRANCESCA: And we have the children here?

POMEROY: Oh, yes, I'll be good to all the children. These children—and our children, if we have any, and—So, that's all settled. I hope we'll be very happy. (*Plants an awkward kiss on her cheek.*) Now run along to bed.

Francesca leaves and Pomeroy is somewhat soberly pondering over this new turn in his life, when Mary Thorne appears.

MARY: Pom, I understand everything so much better now.

POMEROY: Do you?

MARY: Yes, I always thought there was something that kept you from—that, well, now I know what it was. But I want you to understand how ever other people may feel—that this doesn't change for a minute all that I said about wanting you for my best friend.

POMEROY: Why, thank you, dear.

MARY: I don't see how you've stood it, I don't really. You know I'm very fond of Amanda, but it would be impossible to live with her without going raving mad. That's what you did, Pom. It was madness, that's all. You weren't even terribly happy, were you? At least, it didn't last long.

POMEROY: No, but it's going to last a long time now. I'm going to marry her, Mary, to-morrow morning.

MARY: Pom!

POMEROY: Not that we aren't married already, in a way. But Amanda

wasn't there and it doesn't seem quite legal.

MARY: I know. You don't need to explain to me.

POMEROY: But I do. . . . You're the one person I do need to explain to. I'd much rather not have done it, you know, Mary—but a fellow must have something—mustn't he? . . . And it just seemed as if I hadn't anything—and never would have—unless I did something about it. So I just did—that's all.

MARY: Yes, dear.

POMEROY: What?

MARY: Yes.

POMEROY: Of course, sometimes when you want things and do something about it—you get more than you expect. Well, you must make the best of that and realize that you can't sort of count your blessings before they're hatched—if you know what I mean. . . . You don't, of course.

MARY: I do—and I hope you will be happy, Pom. . . . but in your happiness—will you think sometimes of me?

POMEROY: Mary—think of my very best friend!

The strain is too much for Mary, and she breaks into uncontrollable sobs. It is apparent that her prospective alliance with Edward has never been much more than a clumsy ruse to win back Pomeroy's affections—and now she has waited too long. She stumbles out the door as Amanda and Dr. Heminway come in from the conservatory. At last, almost too late, Pomeroy's eyes have been opened. Mary still loves him. The realization is almost more than he can grasp. The lumbering figure of a man blocks the way. A scowling moment of scrutiny and then the newcomer speaks.

FLYNN: Mr. Chilton? My name is Flynn.

POMEROY: Is it? How do you do?

FLYNN: Mr. Chilton, I inquired about you at the Holly Home this afternoon. They said you were all right. If you are, I'm sure you'll want to see justice done.

POMEROY: Justice done? Where?

FLYNN: Here, Mr. Chilton. This child you've got is my brother's. He's out in Denver. He was prevented from coming on to get it and I came in his place. I know he's been divorced. She went to a funny little town where they give you a divorce for fifty dollars. But he's got the rights of being the father and wanting the child if she doesn't.

POMEROY: You know there are two? Twins? Does he know that?

FLYNN: Of course. You see, my brother had a bad case of shell shock back in the war and a bad case of Italian wife, Mr. Chilton. That girl could fight over an orange. He had an awful life with her. Pretty as a picture—but she could raise more hell over nothing—he ran away from her.

(Continued on page 56)



Miss "Bobbé Arnst"

—versatile dancing partner of "Ted Lewis" in the spectacular success "Le Maire's Affairs"—recognizes in the Gage Chapeau the style and chic of her beloved Paris. She is wearing a "Soleil Flamand"—a long silky hair

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POMEROY'S PAST

(Continued from page 54)

At any rate, he still cares for her—and he wants her back—out there, if she'll go.

POMEROY: Well—maybe you'd better ask her. She's here, you know.

FLYNN: No. That girl you've got here is her sister, Francesca. She's not the mother of the kids. She just said she was, so she could get them in the home. I don't mind saying I'm kind of sweet on Francesca myself.

POMEROY: Splendid, Mr. Flynn. A half-hour ago it wouldn't have been so nice, but now—look here, you have a right to the children and you're in a hurry. So am I. The best thing to do is to come in and take what you want. Get me?

FLYNN: I don't know as I do, Mr. Chilton.

Going to a table drawer, Pomeroy takes out a revolver and thrusts it into the reluctant hands of Mr. Flynn. After all, desperate situations require desperate measures. There isn't much time to lose if Mr. Flynn wants to catch the eleven-o'clock train for New York. He can pick up the other child at the Marsh's house on the way.

Some minutes later Amanda and Dr. Heminway are interrupted in the midst of a tête-à-tête by Mr. Flynn, who rudely demands that they put up their hands and keep their mouths shut. As an added precaution Mr. Flynn carefully binds Amanda's hands and feet and stows her comfortably on the floor of the adjoining conservatory. Next he crosses and calls Pomeroy and carefully binds the latter to a parlor chair. He bounds up the stairs and a second after exits with the squealing Francesca in one hand and little Frances in the other, while Dr. Heminway leads the procession, impelled by the menacing muzzle of the revolver.

THE clock is striking eleven as Amanda, finally released by Edge, the butler, again makes her distracted appearance in the living-room. She finds Pomeroy sitting comfortably by the table smoking a cigarette, his bonds lying on the floor beside him. What has happened? Was everything stolen? Where is Francesca? Pomeroy calmly stills her fears. Francesca has gone with the stranger and taken the baby with her, but the house and its worldly goods is otherwise intact.

AMANDA: But why should he have taken Dr. Heminway?

POMEROY: Well—the kidnapper must have expected either to die or be married—that's all I can think of.

AMANDA: But after he's dead or married, do you think he'll send Trebus back, Pomeroy?

POMEROY: Who?

AMANDA: Dr. Heminway.

POMEROY: Of course he'll come back,

but Francesca and the baby will never come back.

AMANDA (distractedly): Pomeroy, how can you sit there—your wife and children gone, out into the night—at least, you thought they were your wife and children—and you sit there smoking a cigarette.

POMEROY: Well, I did the best I could to marry her. If she's gone out into the night, I can't help it. Edge is mixing a brandy and soda in the dining-room. You'd better go in and get one. It will do you good.

Amanda leaves and shortly the disheveled Dr. Heminway returns. He reports that he was forced at the point of a gun to marry the couple and that he was then left in the Ferndale woods to find his way back as best he could. After some further explanations, he is also relegated to the dining-room. Footsteps sound on the porch and in a moment Mary Thorne comes running in. She has heard the news and is anxious to know what has happened.

MARY: Pom, what is it? Someone left word at the house that you were in trouble and must see me at once. What is it?

POMEROY: Nothing terrible has happened—only we're alone together. Isn't it wonderful, dear?

MARY: Pomeroy, what are you saying? POMEROY: Didn't you hear me? I'll say it over again.

MARY: I did hear you, but why didn't you think of it long ago? Before it was too late?

POMEROY: Think of it—I haven't thought of anything else for years. Why did you get engaged to Edward? MARY: Pom—I got engaged to Edward—to make you propose to me—and then you didn't. Yes, I did! I lured Edward on, threw myself at his head because I—I cared for you.

Dr. Heminway enters the room and stands regarding the two young people with a critical smile.

POMEROY: Dr. Heminway—meet my future wife. I may as well confess that Francesca and the children were all a concocted story—a troublesome one that's over with, thank goodness. Of course, I was willing to go through with it, because Mary was going to marry Edward. But that's all changed now. Mary's going to marry me.

HEMINWAY: Pomeroy! You don't mean it?

POMEROY: Yes, and Edward is going to marry Hilda.

HEMINWAY: No! You don't say?

POMEROY: And you're going to marry Amanda.

HEMINWAY: Am I?

POMEROY: Yes.

HEMINWAY: Does Amanda know?

POMEROY: No. You better hurry right back in there and tell her!

CURTAIN



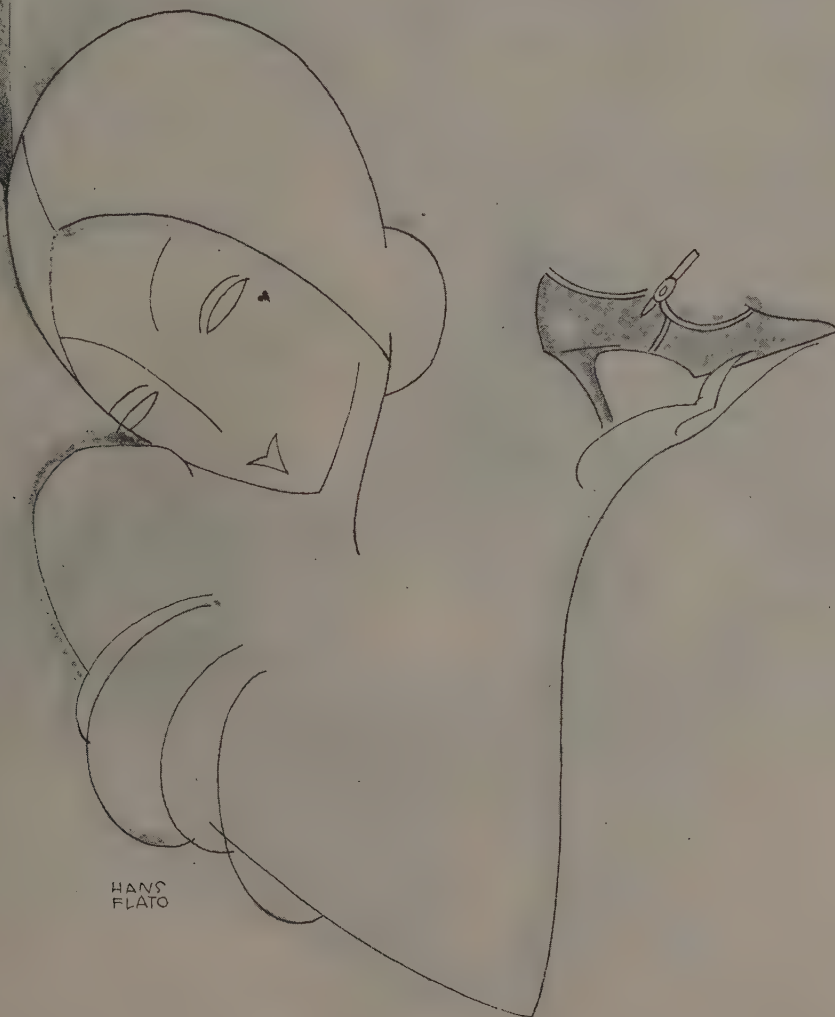
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HANS
FLATO

YOUTH AHOY

(Continued from page 10)

"Was it worth it?" I asked.

Blankly she looked at me. "Would you have me give up the stage?"

A young comédienne who is a Fresh-Skin-Maniac insisted upon a Peeling Process this fall, supposing it as simple to lift off a skin as to peel off her clothes for a quick change in a musical revue. When it came to the actual operation she failed to take it as lightly. So painful was the type of facial peeling which caught her fancy, that it was impossible for her to finish the "peel" in one operation. And the doctor was forced to divide her sittings into four excruciating parts—the first embracing the chin-peel, the second the forehead-peel, the third the left-cheek-peel and the fourth, the right-cheek-peel. At the end she came out as fresh as a flapper, at the cost of a neatly pared martyrdom.

The Pounding and Patting and Pummeling Methods are listed first on the daily schedules of several beautiful stars who believe in clinging to Glorious Youth while they have a chance at it, and not waiting for puffy eyes and baggy cheeks before they begin the process of rejuvenation. One of these stars, a temperamental lady and a great favorite on Broadway, performs the Beauty exercises as she would a religious rite, regularly before every performance with

the aid of an expert who pats and slaps her face to a gorgeous geranium glow. She will even hold the curtain on her performance with the house sold out until her Beauty is certified for the day.

It happened one afternoon when the stage manager had called "Overture" that he overheard the sharp slapping as he passed the star's dressing-room. Alarmed by the noise he rushed to the company manager for aid. "Migod, she's spanking her maid," he cried. "I always knew that woman's temper would get the better of her."

Whether Youth Culture has made any serious alterations in plays and productions is still difficult to determine. Middle-aged stars with girlish faces and mature walks are cast in juvenile rôles every day. Perhaps in these instances the playwright, perforce, omits girlish "business" of skipping rope in his prologue, kittenish "business" of climbing a ladder in the first act, and boisterous "business" of jumping off a garden wall at a climactic curtain. But he is never very severely handicapped, for so eagerly, strenuously, determinedly do the Youth Hunters attack the year-marks, that it is only a matter of energy, pain and patience before they gallop out of the wings like lusty Lilian Russells, to definitely defy old age.



STARS OF PICCADILLY

(Continued from page 50)

like children. Her technical endowment is small as yet, and when she essayed Juliet, she fell hopelessly short of her opportunities; but she is young and earnest, she moves in an earnest circle, and, humanly speaking, the world is sure to hear more of her.

Another is Isabel Jeans, perhaps our daintiest "rogue in porcelain," a delightful impersonator of seventeenth and eighteenth-century heroines, who can also be quite exquisite in present-day comedy. Sometimes a part does not seem to interest her, and she walks through it, lets her voice drop, and generally strikes one as being rather naughty; but at her best, impersonating a pretty woman with brains and a will with a touch of unscrupulous power behind it, she can be one of the most fascinating actresses we have.

A third is Edith Evans, also a very clever and intelligent artiste, who has been doing splendid work this year at the Old Vic as Cleopatra, Rosalind and Beatrice, and who further demonstrated her versatility by giving the best rendering of the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, seen in London since Ellen Terry in her old age played the part

to the Juliet of Doris Keane and made herself and her performance the great features of the whole production! Miss Evans enjoys no photographic celebrity whatever, but many playgoers hold her name and her abilities in great respect and, sure of being richly rewarded, would go a long way to see her in a good part.

Then there are Mary Jerrold, who can play almost any sort of part quite beautifully; Jean Cadell, who, disguising her own comeliness, can be quite wonderful as an embittered comic spinster; Madge Titheradge, who can be so brilliant in modern plays, but will now and then appear in Shakespeare as though to show how little the "grand manner" appeals to her; Margaret Yarde, brimming over with hearty fun; young Jean Forbes-Robertson, full of promise along more poetic lines; and, last but far from least, Hilda Trevelyan, the perfect young wife and helpmate of helpless but well-meaning man in the plays of J. M. Barrie.

Hats off to them all! The stage is surely in no bad way that can show so much art and devotion as these women enrich it with in their various ways.



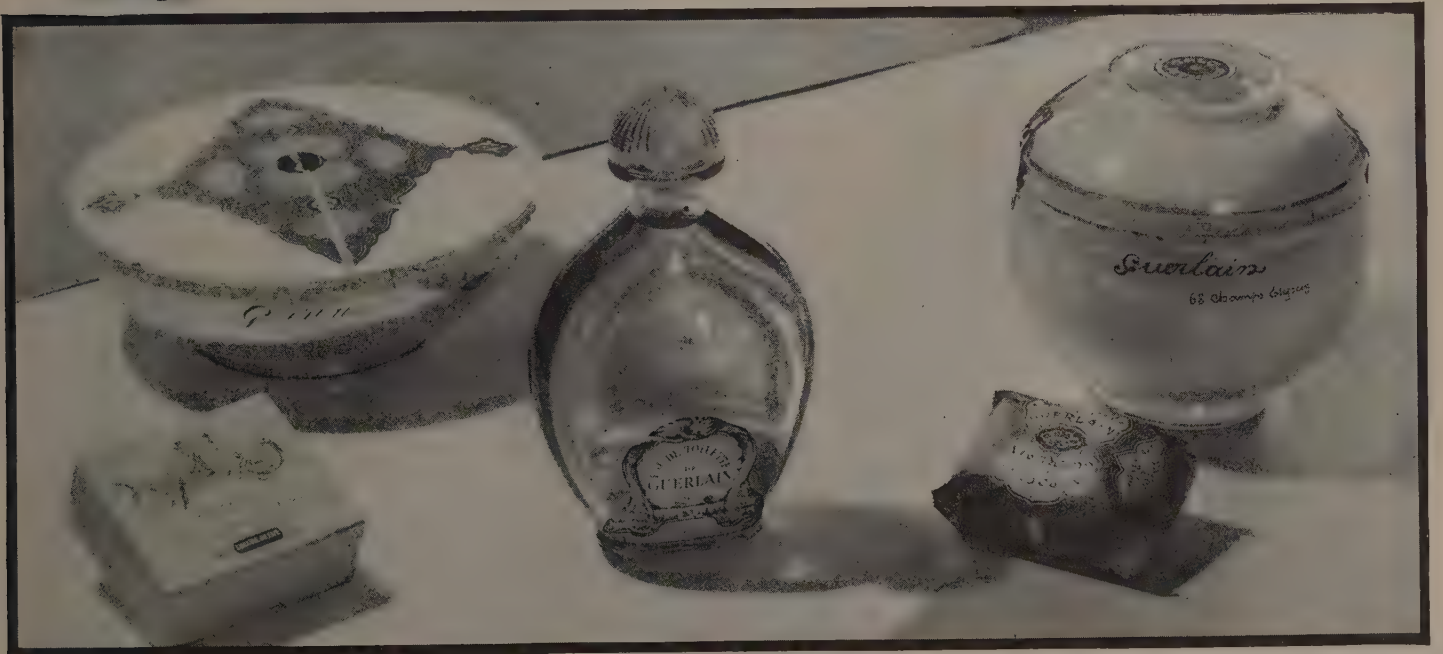
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Versatile Theatre Clothes

By a

TYPE FASHION ADVISER

THE woman living in the suburbs eagerly looks forward to the beginning of the theatrical season. It breaks the monotony of the week-end guest, of people who "just stopped in for luncheon—I do hope we shall not be any trouble."

That little run into town to a matinée or an evening show is often the highlight of an otherwise dull week. But it affords also a problem that none knows so well as she who has had experience.

Clothes.

How to dress comfortably and correctly for the trip to the city, and yet be suitably gowned for a matinée. How to dash in on the five-fifteen, meet "the husband" for a smart little dinner somewhere, perhaps with guests; and then go on to the theatre—secure in the knowledge that her frock is right.

Not only the frock enters into the problem, but also the coat, the hat, the shoes. Often the trip in is made the occasion for doing a little necessary shopping. Formal clothes are out of place—the need is for a simple costume that can go smartly in and out of Fifth Avenue shops and arrive at a fashionable hotel looking a part of the picture.

It is quite possible, this year, to choose a reversible coat, with black broadcloth or kasha or even heavy silk bengaline for its one side and heavy woolen or kasha in a street shade as the reverse fabric. This coat, accompanied by a smart little satin frock, may be worn with the street shade out during a busy afternoon of shopping. A hat of velvet, in one of the simple draped models can be suitably worn with it, and the accessories may be beige hosiery, plain black shoes and beige gloves. Just before dinner or the theatre the coat can be turned, with its dressier, black surface on the outside. The frock may be black satin, preferably, or beige satin, permissibly. With either side of the coat the accessories are correct.

Not long ago a woman, who preferred to wear a sleeveless gown during dinner and the theatre, solved her problem in this way: By carrying a small dressing-case, she had room for an evening shawl. This case she took directly to a hotel, where she secured a room. After a day of shopping, she went to the room and removed the sleeves from her black satin dress. An extra pair of evening hosiery and slippers completed her costume.

It is easily possible to have a dress of this type made. The arm-holes are carefully finished by hand, and the set of the sleeves is unmo- lested, as they are securely fastened to a net guimpe, which adds no burden of weight to the bodice. By the use of jewels, which can be carried during the day in a small jewel bag, the costume is made sufficiently festive to greet any occasion.


This season a certain elaboration of the mode assists the woman who comes into town for social occasions. The velvet hat, the prevalence of black, the richer fabrics—all are helpful adjuncts to her planning.

It is always better to err on the side of simplicity than on that of elaboration. The unadorned costume is always appropriate, provided its cut and finish are perfect. And it has the added virtue of standing a day's strain of shopping more happily than the over-elaborate ensemble. An extra pair of gloves tucked into the bag, a small tube of cold-cream for the last-minute freshening, a compact of powder, even rouge to give an evening sparkle—all add to the pleasure with which one may enjoy the play in the complete satisfaction that one "looks well."

Often women are puzzled as to how to plan and purchase their clothes so that a happy result is achieved. To them the Type Fashion Adviser offers expert knowledge not only of styles but also of occasions. She will plan the suitable wardrobe, within the limits of a strict budget. She will study the type of the individual and suggest styles that make each a more assured as well as better-dressed woman. The knowledge gained assists the customer with her shopping problems, teaching her short cuts to smartness. It often completely rearranges one's view-point on clothes and on what can be worn. For the Type Fashion Adviser judges without prejudice or precedent, she brings to her subject an understanding of line and color that is immensely valuable.

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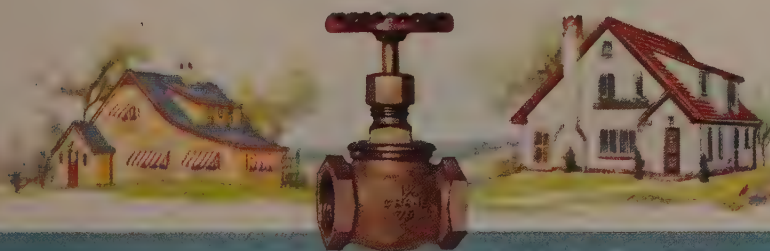
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They Want to Know—

Q. Please tell me who the author was of "The Beggar's Opera," revived in New York a season or two ago.—R. W., New York City.

A. It was written by John Gay and first performed in London in 1728, with Chapman as the beggar and Lavinia Fenton as Polly Peachum.

Q. Can you tell me where Irene Fenwick was born and under whose management she first appeared?—Josephine West, Cambridge, Mass.

A. Miss Fenwick was born in Chicago, Ill., in 1887. She first appeared under the management of H. W. Savage in 1904 in the chorus of *Peggy from Paris*. She appeared under her own name, Irene Frizzel.

Q. Who played the rôle of Winifred in "The Wooing of Eve" at the Liberty Theatre in November, 1917, also the rôle of Mrs. Jones in the "Silver Box" at the Empire in March, 1907?—Jeanne Travers, Baltimore, Md.

A. Lynn Fontanne played the rôle of Winifred in *The Wooing of Eve* and Ethel Barrymore the rôle of Mrs. Jones in the *Silver Box* on the stated dates.

Q. Could you give me the names of others of Noel Coward's plays than "The Vortex" and the dates of their performances?—Caroline Hughes, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. Noel Coward is co-author of *Charlot's Revue*, 1924; author of *The Rat Trap*, *Easy Virtue*. He has also written three volumes, "A Withered Nosegay," "Terribly Intimate Portraits" and "Poems of Herina Whittlebot."

Q. What is the significance of the masks worn by the various performers in "Great God Brown"?—Lionel W. Gunther, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. The mask is the protagonist of the play. It is the embodiment of an identity, a distinct personality. This outer face represents an assumed character-reputation which screens from the world the individual who wears it. As the characters themselves develop and change so the mask changes. It resembles not only the naked face of the actor, but bears a likeness to some familiar figure like Pan or Mephisto, as in the case of Dion, one of the principal characters, whose mask shows four different stages of development.

Q. In what plays has James Rennie appeared during the last two or three seasons in New York?—George R. Siedenbergh, New York.

A. In 1922 Mr. Rennie portrayed Garrison Paige in *Madeleine and the Movies*, at the Gaiety Theatre; in August, 1922, Bilge Smith, in *Shore Leave*, at the Lyceum Theatre; at the Bijou, March, 1923, The Young Man in *The Love Habit*; at the Lyceum, August, 1924, Henry in *The Best People*; in 1925 Mr. Rennie played in *Spring Fever*—and now in *The Great Gatsby*, at the Ambassador.

Q. I should like some information about Eva Le Gallienne, Lenore Ulric and Katherine Cornell, professionally, that will be of interest to a group of students of the present-day stage.

A. Eva Le Gallienne, born in London, Jan. 11, 1899; daughter of Richard Le Gallienne and his wife Julie (Norregaard); educated in London and Paris; made her first appearance on the stage at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, May 29, 1915, when she played Elizabeth in *The Laughter of Fools*; at His Majesty's, July, 1915, Victorine in *Peter Ibbetson*; she then went to America, making her first appearance in New York at the Comedy Theatre, Oct. 26, 1915, as Rose in *Mrs. Boltay's Daughters*; then continued in various rôles here until October, 1923, as Alexandra in *The Swan*; Hannele in Hauptmann's play of that name; then Hilda Wangel in *The Master Builder*, and in 1924 again played Alexandra in *The Swan*, touring in the same part. Lenore Ulric, born in New Ulm, Minn., 1894; educated Milwaukee; made her first appearance on the stage in a "stock" company in Milwaukee in *Carmen*; subsequently appeared in "stock" companies in Chicago and Grand Rapids; in July, 1910, appeared in *Don't Lie to Your Wife*, and right along in stock companies; on the road until October, 1915, when she opened in New York at the Princess Theatre as Dorothy Ormsby in *The Mark of the Beast*; 1916 Wetona, in *The Heart of Wetona*; 1917, Rose Bocion in *Tiger Rose*; 1919, Lien Wha in *The Sun Daughter*; touring to 1921; November, 1921, played Kiki in the play of that name and continued in that play in New York and on tour until 1924; at the Belasco Theatre, December, 1924, played Carla in *The Harem*. Now Miss Ulric is starring in *Lulu Belle*, a play in four acts by Edward Sheldon and Charles MacArthur, supported by Henry Hull. Katherine Cornell, daughter of Peter C. Cornell, manager of the Majestic Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y.; married Guthrie McClintic; made her first appearance on the stage at the Comedy Theatre, New York, Nov. 13, 1916, with the Washington Square Players in *Bushido*, and remained with this company some time, playing in *The Death of Tintagiles*, *Plots and Playwrights*; in 1918 was in "stock" with Jessie Bonstelle at Buffalo, then toured in various plays; March, 1921, played Eileen Baxter-Jones in *Nice People*; 1921, Sydney Fairfield in *A Bill of Divorcement*; 1923, Mary Fitton in *Will Shakespeare*; at the Ritz, March, 1923, Laura Pennington in *The Enchanted Cottage*; 1923, Henriette in *Casanova*; 1924, Shirley Pride in *The Way Things Happen*, Lalage Sturdee in *The Outsider*, Suzanne Chaumont in *Tiger Cats*, Candida in the play of that name.

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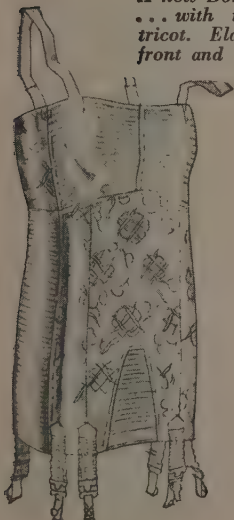
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PLAYING THE SHREW

(Continued from page 9)

three years and whose marriage lasted less than that many months. It is necessary to know about a man. One must know as I did through his friends, his character and habits. But, this knowledge being granted, we know quickly whether the man or the woman who draws us as a magnet is the one man or woman in all the world for us.

That Mr. Pollard and I have been happily married for twelve years proves the truth of my theory, in our own case, and what is true of us may be proved in other marriages.

He has taught me what I needed, though never in the degree that Craig's wife needs it, the broad view. He has a far-ranging mind and wide sympathies. Some of the broad vision I hope I have learned to share. Certainly I have gained over my pre-matrimonial views of life and the folk who live it.

Ours has been a happy and successful marriage. But one not without compromises. That brings me to an essential point in the discussion of domestic problems. Life is a series of compromises. Marriage, as one of the most important factors of life, must follow life's pattern. There can be no success in marriage without compromises.

Each must consider the greater good of the institution. One should learn to weigh the greater against the lesser interest. "Is not the integrity of my marriage more important than whether we go to Europe this summer or whether we will go to the dinner dance this evening?" A woman should balance the values on the fine scales of her judgment. If her reason is functioning she will understand that her husband is tired after an exhausting day and forget the dinner dance, or that his business or profession demands that he remain

in his own city or country instead of in Constantinople or the Matterhorn in September.

I grant that women make most of the matrimonial compromises. It is true that man's inherent selfishness is one reason for this. Nearly all men are selfish. But women should not emulate them. Nature and civilization have not evolved to the degree that women should yield only half the time.

Craig, in the play, is weak. If he had not been he would have required more compromises from his wife. There would have been less unhappiness and there might not have been a play. Not alone her selfishness but his collateral weakness gave the stuff of the drama.

Honesty is the first law of matrimony. For honesty carries with it fidelity to marriage vows, mental and spiritual as well as physical honesty. Had not Craig's wife lied at the telephone, lied to the detective, lied to her husband, the end would not have been a broken home.

Compromise is the second law. Mutual compromise were better. But there must be compromise.

The play has given my household a new verb. My husband coined it. I have an intense sympathy with the orderliness of Craig's wife. I hope I am not a dust-hunter, though I admit hearty dislike for a veil of misplaced matter on the furniture of our home. But if a vase has deviated from its habitat I surely though unostentatiously restore it to its place. My husband calls this trait my "poison neatness." Observing me in the practice of my "poison neatness" among his books one day, he exclaimed, "My dear, you're Craiging again."

A little, but not too much, "Craiging" is desirable beneath any roof-tree.



MIRRORS OF STAGELAND

(Continued from page 32)

The other woman who sat across the table agreed.

"She might be offended," she whispered doubtfully.

The gentleman, at whose long golden head you are staring, thrust his hand into his pocket, drew up some coins and laid them on the table. "She is here because she needs the money," he said. While he was writhing into his coat, the peach-cheeked young person in the Carmen costume discovered the coins beneath his saucer, dimpled, made him a curtsy and dropped them into her pocket.

The common-sense course was the

right one. Billy had found that usually it is. That is the reason he keeps almost constantly at his play-writing.

"It is like playing the piano," he says. "One must keep in practice. I always count on my fifth play being a winner. The other four are five-finger exercises."

Likes the country, but doesn't cultivate it. He used to have a home at Shoreham, but it seldom saw him after the bereavement that befell him there. He is like David Belasco, a city addict. Like Mr. Belasco, his work is his play.

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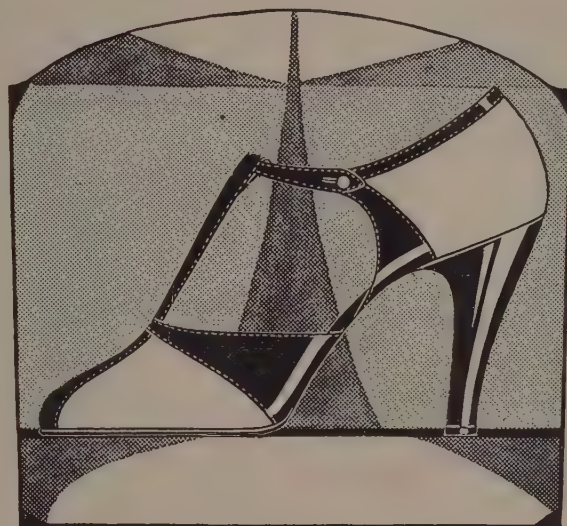
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HOW I CREATE MY BAD MEN

(Continued from page 22)

triumph and endowed him, instead, with an ingratiating smile. The critics were puzzled, but my conscience approved.

In *The Only Way*, Sir John Harvey's version, I was cast for two brothers, a good and a wicked one. Again I resolved that I must make plausible the wicked brother's conquests. "Why would they like him at sight?" I asked myself. "Only if he were charming," I answered. I made him charming.

Several times I have appeared on the stage of Sing Sing prison. My views of the psychology of the villain I presented to the inmates. That I was "uncertain elsewhere of the size of the houses to which I might play, but that here I was sure no one would be out of town or otherwise engaged, and I was certain to play to a full house," was greeted with instant and uproarious appreciation. I told my hearers that they were there, and I was here, and others outside, only because of difference in stress of some qualities. We all had the same qualities, but they had stressed certain of them a little more than the rest of us

had done. They accepted my theory, but I did not know how literally until a man was assigned to show me about the prison. A handsome chap with a figure that had been but recently athletic. His smile was the friend-making-at-sight kind. He was so responsive, so intelligent, so richly endowed with humor that I thanked the warden for having sent with us an ideal guide. The warden smiled.

"He is of the aristocracy of crime," he answered. "A forger is the aristocrat of crooks." I recalled the man's expressed appreciation of my point about the inmates of Sing Sing being there because they had stressed, underscored some of the qualities common to all.

"He would appreciate that," was the warden's comment. "He underscored, with a flourish, the name of the president of a bank on a check for six figures."

Sympathy, sincerity, humor, plausibility, charm, these five make the engaging bad man. A word of warning to the writer and player of villains. Do not make them too villainous.



EUGENE O'NEILL IN THE ASCENDANT

(Continued from page 30)

foc'sle—plays in which a natural human bestiality appears without apologies—towards those in which the mind, soul, spirit or what-not takes the lead. *The Great God Brown* is a sound play because its author does not altogether depart from the middle-class people with whom he has heretofore been familiar. In the case of *The Fountain*, the gap is a bit too wide.

However, *The Great God Brown*, far from being a further evidence of the dramatist's decline, has every transcendent quality that Mr. Ervine could desire. There is the constantly interwoven struggle between the poetic and the prosaic in man; there is the spark of pagan wildness hidden in the natures of the most conventional; there is the all-seeing understanding of a goddess beneath the leering rouge of the most debased. The very use of mask symbolism indicates an abandonment of the crude perversities of petty people and the beginnings of an interest in the semi-mystical affairs of the spirit.

Some objections have arisen, as objections invariably will arise, when unfamiliar twists are brought into the theatre, over the presence of these masks in the play. Sophisticated players claim that O'Neill is shirking responsibilities, that, with the masks,

he points obviously at what should be clearly indicated in the lines of the play themselves. What he does, in fact, is to rise above modern stage experience with an enlarged vocabulary. It is doubtful whether or not the most intelligent of audiences could penetrate the assumed differences between the real Dion Anthony and the cynical, mocking Dion Anthony, or could detect the calm serenity of Cybel in what would be only an overworked cliché, without these masks. Certainly the final stroke, in which Billy Brown takes possession of the mask of the dead Dion and proceeds to live in the latter's shoes, so to speak, would be impossible without them. The masks are revived as an enlargement upon the effectiveness of mere words. They represent the intangible, continually immediate forms of life. In the soarings of the poetic imagination and in the trivial affairs of day to day the masks remain to be reckoned with. *The Great God Brown* is O'Neill's finest play, not because he fails to be concerned with middle or lower-class types nor because he forsakes the selfish brutality of the world of action, but because, for once, he occupies himself with the intricate inner natures of his puppets as well as with their coarser outer workings.

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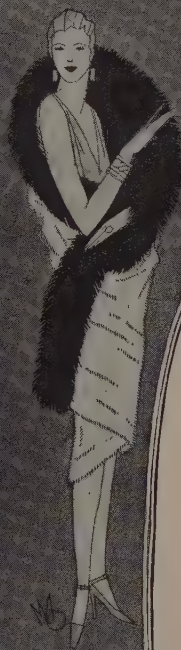
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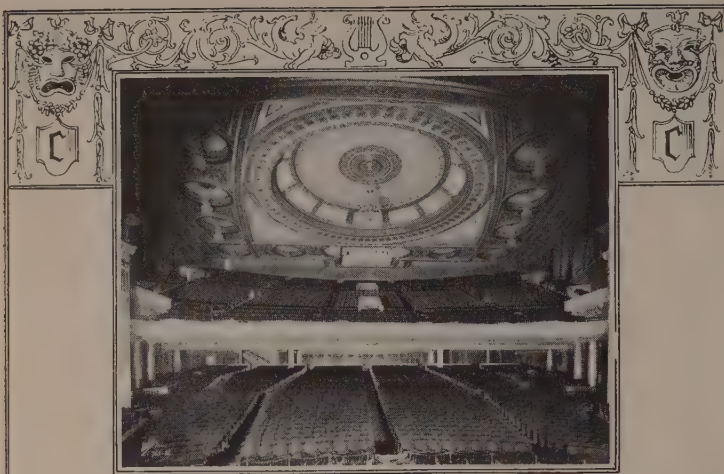
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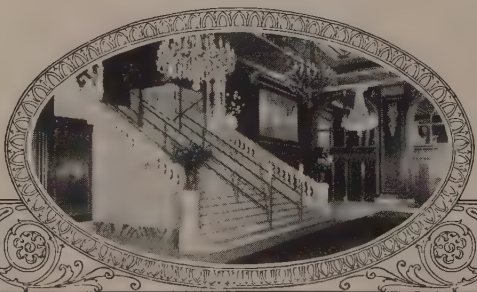
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MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 16)

which the Germans call "Volksstück," which is expected to appeal to the lower middle classes of theatregoers, a wide *clientèle*, as evidenced by the cut-rate ticket offices.

Mr. Perlman introduces us to one, Robert Van Dorn, who appears to be extravagantly proud of his early Dutch ancestry and more or less ridiculously opposed to any other type of American. Such story as Mr. Perlman invents conceals itself with the marrying—against Van Dorn's will—of his son to an Italian girl and his daughter to a young Hebrew. There is hardly any sustained interest in the piece, and it tries to make up for lack of action by a number of inflammatory lines fired at each other by the various "foreigners" in glorification of individual types of Americanism and belittling of other types. Through it all the purely theatrical obstinacy of Van Dorn, who holds himself as one of the elect, remains to form a barrier to the happy ending. This barrier is finally overcome by the necessity of Van Dorn's relenting about 10.30 P.M.

There is no invention and no plot to the thing. It is so palpably an imitation of a certain class of play that its future drawing power rests entirely with those who are willing to ignore its crudities. In the broth there are the Hebrew father and mother of the young man, the Italian father of the girl and for good measure an Irish realtor who has little to do beyond furnishing one more dialect to the entertainment.

The characters were sufficiently well played by the company, the most genuine one perhaps being that of the Italian girl as delineated by Erin O'Brien-Moore. Lee Kohlmar was at home in the stereotyped Hebrew father, and Joseph B. Verdi kept things noisy as the Italian father, who irritated Van Dorn and amused the audience. Frederick Burton, who is a capable actor, had a difficult task in making Van Dorn seem human.

MR. LAWRENCE LANGNER, who, when not composing his own pieces, helps select plays for the Theatre Guild, of which he is one of the directors, chose a very uninviting theme in trying to be comic in his jejune work, *Henry, Behave*, presented recently at the Nora Bayes Theatre. Mental aberration is no subject for humor in the theatre and about as tasteful as poking fun at the blind, the halt or the maimed.

The play shows no knowledge of stagecraft whatever and the kindest advice one can give the author is to study the technique of the recognized dramatists who flourished at an earlier day. They at least had some training in, and more than some *flair* for, their profession. A more callow and vapid attempt at play-making rarely has been foisted on a sorely tried public. *Henry, Behave*, as al-

leged stage entertainment, is not worth discussion from any point of view.

IT was an indeterminate and confused George Cohan who concocted *The Home Towners*, produced it at the Hudson Theatre and billed it a farce comedy. There was no farce in the first act and none in the third. The trouble with his play was that the ingredients did not mix. He had a certain idea—very unlike the George we have come to know so well and applaud so heartily—a certain preachment against the prejudices of the Main Street denizens of the small town (in this case, South Bend, Ind.), but just what he was driving at was not apparent until the third act; so, for two acts the audience was groping, and George was groping along with them.

In a tedious first act, made additionally so by the slow pace at which it was played, he brings on a Home Towner in the person of P. H. Bancroft (Robert McWade), and sets him to work arguing with his boyhood friend, now a millionaire, Vic Arnold (William Elliott), against the latter's forthcoming marriage. He so prejudices him, not only against the bride, but against all her family, whom he paints as grafters, that he not only gets the audience enlisted against the lot, but succeeds in inducing the bridegroom to call the whole thing off. But as, in the ultimate *dénouement*, the author means to show that the Home Towner had it all wrong, that the bride was all right, that all her family were fine gold, it can be readily seen that in the intervening act the author was hard-pressed for material. So George, being by instinct a *farceur*, devises many kinds of horse-play and wise cracks for the second act, largely given over to raucous bickerings between the Home Towner and his wife, who accompanies him, in short, to an irresponsible and irrelevant George Cohan harlequinade. Having got this out of his system, and given us another touch of George Cohan at his sauciest, he leads us back to the scene of Act I, where he springs his surprise—namely, that of reversing Bancroft's judgment of the whole set whom he has been maligning. This trick fell flat, and with it the play as a play. The last act contained some well-expressed philippics against the arrogance and narrow-mindedness of the small townier who holds that only crooks abound in our metropolis, but these were misplaced in the Cohan work.

This theme, seriously handled, might have been valuable material for the problemists of to-day, but not for a Cohanesque output. As it was, the second act was the only one that amused the audience, who remained rather apathetic to the rest of the play.

The cast on the whole was good.

(Continued on page 70)



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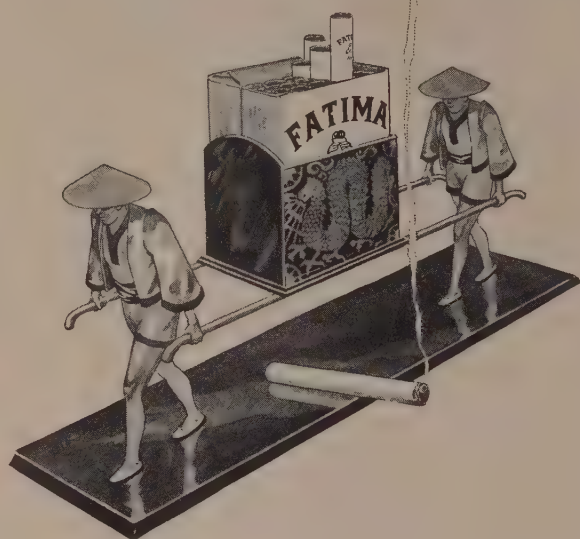
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THE SHEIK OF FILM-ARABY

(Continued from page 39)

of Arabs, the "Sheik" confessed: "Artistic achievement can come only through economic independence—no, don't look so surprised—I don't have it yet—and I remember too vividly the 'tummy' pangs I had not farther back than 1917. I am getting there—and that is exactly why I have joined Mr. Schenck, simply because until an artist works on a co-operative basis he is merely a puppet, and dares not express himself."

A few resentful puffs at his cigarette—some clouds of smoke through which Valentino was apparently tracing his career.

"What wakened in you the desire to enter the movies?" I asked.

"The desire to eat," he quickly responded. "Don't misunderstand me, please. I don't feast now—screen folk must be careful; we have no place to hide our avoirdupois, you know."

An artist entered, with whom Mr. Valentino spoke Spanish perfectly.

"Where were you born?" I asked.

"In Castellana, the southern part of Italy, in 1895. I've had rather a hectic time since," he smilingly mused. "I was sent to Dante Alighieri College and from there to a military college; after that to the Royal Academy of Agriculture, to study scientific farming. Then my family sent me to America—that was in 1913."

"What did you do when you first arrived?"

"I was apprentice landscape gardener in Central Park—must have planted my seed of the desert there," devilishly shooting a mouthful of smoke into the air—"then impatience settled in my feet and I became the dancing partner of Joan Sawyer. From there, my friend, Norman Kerry, suggested motion pictures. At first it was rather slow motion for me—sometimes none at all—and most times I was enacting a 'still' seated on a long bench, in an outer office, where a much-to-be-remembered kind, but violent soul would remind me at the same hour, every day, that 'it was almost time to go to bed.'"

"Are you going to work on the film

of Cellini, Mr. Valentino?" I asked.

"Yes, but we must recharacterize Cellini somewhat. You see, my audiences look to me for romance—of a less offensive nature—and while Benvenuto was a most adorable and rich personality—the ladies resent the charlatan in him. And speaking of 'ladies,' do you know that I receive more letters from old women than I do from the younger ones?"

I was surprised. "How do you account for that?"

"It is the maternal instinct—they would like me to be their son," he smiled sympathetically.

Rudolph Valentino crossed his arms. A linked silver bracelet disclosed itself. My glance at it caused Valentino to comment: "That harmless little thing was the indirect cause of shooting my mercury to the boiling point."

"But you really don't take that seriously, do you, Mr. Valentino?"

"Not as a detached thing, no. I grow recalcitrant because of the misrepresentation it implies—and because it is a printed utterance—and automatically becomes a part of my biography, which some day I will not be here to defend." With fire in his eyes he went on: "And that is exactly why my aspiration is to some day portray the abused Cæsar Borgia on the screen."

"Why can't you portray that character now?" was my retort.

"Because," he continued, "that will have to be created when I am in a position to cater entirely to the intellectuals' tastes; that means the day when I shall be able to accept a financial failure as a recompense for my artistic success."

Mr. Valentino's secretary entered. "A young sculptor outside who made a bas-relief of your head—just wants your signature. And," she hurriedly added, "fifteen other people waiting to see you."

The browned skin of the screen "Sheik" insinuated itself into the sun's rays, "and folding his tent, like an Arab—he silently stole away."

REEL - ISMS

(Continued from page 36)

violent love to Phyllis. Harrison Ford enter. Swat him under the chin and lift him clear out of the door and into the patio. And so—we'll give you a good face-lifting—free!" The suggestion was overruled.

MORE magnetic force behind the movie camera! It caught up Beatrice Lille, sensational English comedy star, recently of *Charlot's Revue*. Marc Connelly, playwright and author of *Beggar on Horseback*, is doing one to order for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, featuring Miss Lille.

DOROTHY MACKAILL, Jack Mulhall, Louise Brooks, William Collier, Jr., have been up in the air on *The Charleston Kid*, a First National production, directed by Alfred Santell—shooting some unusual and thrilling scenes in the Curtiss Flying Field at Mineola.

A COMEDIAN'S life is not all laughter and happiness. In carrying a young woman up a flight of stairs in a scene of *The Strong Man*, Harry Langdon slipped and strained several ligaments. Work is going

(Concluded on page 70)

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MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 66)

Mr. McWade distinguished himself, and but for the fact that in the first act he seemed laboriously draggy in his reiteration of his small-town prejudices, had many fine moments. But few actors could have blended, as he did, the serious import of the author's theme with the irrelevant antics he was called upon to perform. He was ably seconded by Georgia Caine, who played his wife. She has a delicious sense of humor and "put over" the Cohanisms with keen relish. Mr. Elliott had a hopeless part as the millionaire bridegroom. He was chiefly the Home Towner's butt. Mr. Chester Morris, to whom, as a young

worldling in Elliott's employ fell one of the most scathing arraignments of the South Bend quality of mind, delivered his text with exceptional sincerity and force. Miss Peg Entwistle played the girl whose wedding was nearly canceled. She had variety of expression and excellent diction. She will be heard from. A word of praise should be awarded to a Miss Doris Freeman. She had no more than one minute's work to do in the piece; she had to enter from a bedroom laughing and to go off still laughing, but she did it so spontaneously that she was worth her salary—whatever it is.

A LITTLE GIRL—IN A BIG TOWN

(Continued from page 39)

the screen, but my father pulled my arm. "Oh, don't, father," I gasped, "can't you see she's motioning to me!"

The simple, naive manner of telling; the timid, rabbitlike swaying of her head and musing eyes, and the short "a" combined with crisp "r" in "father," recalled one of Barrie's little "charismatic" characters. Who could have dreamed of her sitting around film studios waiting for a chance to be cast? Not that reticent child!

"How did you get into the movies?" I asked.

Then as impersonally as if she spoke of the grocer's daughter, she went on: "I was surprised one day when my mother told me I had won a beauty contest and a chance to enter the movies. Somehow I couldn't understand how—because I knew I hadn't tried anywhere. But my mother confessed that she had sent in my photo, without telling me anything about it."

Why did she evoke sympathy from me—surely she was all absorbed in the screen—and sometimes, as she confided, she works through the night, stopping only when the brightness of dawn interferes with their scene.

"Well, I arrived in Hollywood,"

she went on. "I was sixteen then, and when Mr. Thalberg saw me, he said to Mr. Von Stroheim: 'She'll never do—I don't want her.' Up to that moment I went through all the registrations, glad, mad, sad and bad. But I hadn't done 'tears.' Of course Mr. Thalberg brought them on. And then Mr. Stroheim said: 'She'll make a good cryer'—and he took me."

Again a well of sympathy arose for this apparently helpless bit of femininity—and at once the flash came that Mr. Von Stroheim had made a wise choice.

Plans were too concrete to discuss with so fantastic a creature. Instead I said: "Have you any dreams of the future?"

Her eyes lowered, one huge tear rolled down after another. What had been done? Had a weak chord been brusquely pulled?

"Have, some cake," in an effort to divert her.

Like the little girl who has suddenly stopped crying for a piece of candy—and whose smiles sparkle through glistening tears, the tiny old-fashioned screen star, with a whimsically Irish twist tapped her eyes and said: "Tears, go back—save them for the next picture."

REEL - ISMS

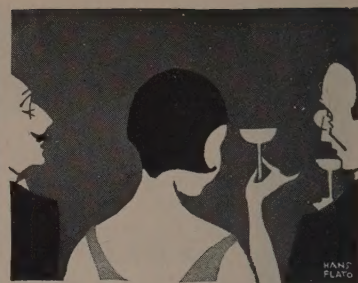
(Concluded from page 68)

right ahead, however, as the comedian's injuries are not serious. Frank Capra is directing the production for First National.

THIS is one time when a loud speaker was profitable. Gaston Glass was lunching at the Lambs' Club one day after he had arrived here from Paris. John Emerson, stage and film producer, happened to be lunching at the table next to where Glass was "parlez"-ing—in genuine emphatic French fashion. Emerson arose, introduced himself and asked Glass the meaning of a French word which he had encountered in prepar-

ing the script for his new picture. Glass supplied the word and himself with a job in the film because its locale was in Paris. Now he is featured in J. G. Bachmann's Preferred Picture, *The Romance of a Million Dollars*.

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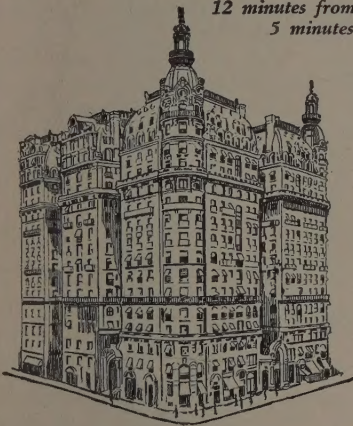
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Who's Who in the Theatre

CLARKE SILVERNAIL, who looks like Napoleon and who did very well in the rôle of *The Sea Crab*, a Chinaman in *The Son Daughter*—proving, no doubt, that appearances count for naught in the maelstrom of Broadway was until recently established as a Raffles Afraid of the Dark in the Howard Irving



Young crook comedy, *Not Herbert*, at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre.

As far back as 1919 this leading man attracted attention in *Wedding Bells*, where David Belasco gave him more than a passing glance. It was during that engagement that he was assigned to a rôle in the Chinese play, a deep-dyed, slant-eye-browed naughty man, who devoted every spare moment toward making life unpleasant for Leonore Ulric.

With Mary Nash he had a happy time in *Thy Name Is Woman*, and to *Fashions for Men*, Benjamin Glazer's interesting production at the Belmont Theatre three years ago, he added a few more laurels. His other Broadway memoirs include the rôle of Cousin Henry in *White Collars* and a passing visit in *Rust*.

The war and Fate threw an important link in his way toward Broadway ambitions. While in Paris, under army orders, he met Mr. Young, author of last current vehicle. He had organized the Silvernail Players from his army detachment and was producing plays at the Theatre Albert I. Mr. Young appeared in several of the plays and Mr. Silvernail pronounced him an actor of rare promise. For this he was rewarded with a play.

The first play Mr. Young gave to his friend was called *March On*, the original draft of which was written on a Parisian table-cloth. This piece was produced a year ago last Spring

in Nashville, and the following Fall it was taken on the road, preparatory to a New York showing. The author and the producer agreed something was the matter with the show. They disagreed, however, as to what that something was. And so the play never came to New York.

Mr. Silvernail told Mr. Young of an English poet he knew who had a peculiar hesitancy in his speech, and, further, a disconcerting way of saying "Why?" He was timid in the presence of others; in fact, too timid to sit on all of the chair. Promptly Mr. Young wrote a play about this character and called it *Not Herbert*. Whenever any character in the story asks if Herbie would have a drink, or a smoke, or a game of cards, another character replies: "Not Herbert."

FORBIDDEN to go on the stage by her uncles, Edgar and Archie Selwyn, Florence immediately went, but obtained her first engagement in *Bad Habits of 1926*, under a "nom-du-théâtre." It was but a few days before the opening of the play that Miss Selwyn admitted who she was. Asked to tell what made her suddenly decide to go on the stage, the nineteen-year-old débutante said: "When I saw my mother (Rae Selwyn) play a leading part in *Rolling Stones* a few years ago, I decided then and there that it was footlights I wanted and not the light of the fire-side."

This winsome young bud sings and dances charmingly and sprightly in the revue.

Florence Selwyn's mother, who had agreed that her daughter was not to tread the histrionic boards, has now decided that Fate intended another Selwyn for theatrical fame.



TRAVELING WITH THE STARS

(Continued from page 4)

Piper, for out of the doorways Italians came and followed us about from house to house. And then, too, there was a day in Rome, at the Vatican, when we witnessed three cardinals receiving their hats from the Pope.

There were representatives from all parts of the world. Officials, statesmen, monks, nuns, soldiers, in the uniforms peculiar to their rank, made a resplendent frame for the beauty of that medieval picture. There at least, for two short hours, I felt the pressure lessened and the insistent voices around and about stilled.

Switzerland and then Paris and Rodin! Rodin every day and the "Comédie Française" every night. And then one morning we drove off early to visit Miss Aldrich's little garden, where the battle of the Marne was viewed, and that book, "The Battle of the Marne from a Hilltop," was written. That valley looked strangely sleepy and calm, but it left me unquiet.

Were those grey forms or misty clouds hanging overhead? What is life, and toward what are we moving at the end of the great journey? And when, will we learn to love enough?